CHRIST's

VICTORY

AND

TRIUMPH.

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CHRIST's VICTORY

IN

HEAVEN, and on EARTH;

AND

TRIUMPH

OVER, and AFTER DEATH.

A POEM,

IN FOUR PARTS.

By *GILES FLETCHER.*

——————In his bleſt *Life*,
I ſee the *Path*, and in his *Death*, the *Price*,
And in his great *Aſcent*, the *Proof* ſupreme
Of Immortality.——And did he riſe?
Hear, O ye Nations! hear it, O ye Dead!
He roſe! He roſe! He burſt the Bars of Death.

The Theme, the Joy, how then ſhall *Man* ſuſtain?
Oh the burſt Gates! cruſh'd Sting! demoliſh'd Throne!
Laſt Gaſp! of vanquiſh'd Death. Shout Earth and Heaven!
This *Sum of Good* to Man.

YOUNG's NIGHT THOUGHTS.

A NEW EDITION,

Corrected and Reviſed; with an Introduction and additional Notes by the EDITOR.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

AN INTRODUCTION

TO THE NEW EDITION OF THE SCRIPTURAL POEM, ENTITLED CHRIST's VICTORY, &c.

AGAIN this Work appears, and courts anew
Th' attentive Ear of the Judicious Few,
Who pious Sentiments in Verſe admire,
And Sacred Truths, which nobleſt Thoughts inſpire:
Thus for his Theme, this Author wiſely took
The higheſt Subject of that bleſſed Book *,
Whence we our Faith, and Hope, and Joy obtain:
(Alas, that any ſhou'd that Book diſdain!)

Well hath the Poet ſhew'n th' amazing Plan
Of Love Divine! to reſcue fallen Man;
When *Juſtice* from her Throne began to riſe,
And threaten Vengeance from the angry Skies!
But *Mercy*, ſoon her Voice did interpoſe,
To plead for him, who 'gainſt his Maker roſe.
Juſtice the Honour of the *Law* maintains;
And Christ in Heav'n the glorious *Victory* gains!

* The Bible.

Who

WHO in due Time deſcending from Above,
Doth in our Nature further *Conqueſts* prove:
Born of a Virgin:—wholly free from Sin,
See him on Earth his mighty Acts begin.
To a waſte Deſert by the SPIRIT led,
Where ſavage Beaſts a deadly Terror ſpread;
Here forty Days he faſting did abide,
While him with guileful Baits the *Tempter* try'd:
But well the SAVIOUR that Deceiver knew,
And all his dire Deſigns he overthrew.
Now midſt unnumber'd Throngs does CHRIST appear;
And makes the Blind to ſee, the Deaf to hear.
Tho' other wondrous Deeds his Pow'r effect,
Yet all his Miracles the *Jews* reject;
Nor will his GODHEAD own, nor him confeſs
As the MESSIAH, born their Race to bleſs:
Lo! *Prieſts* and *Elders* wickedly combine;
Nor leſs than Murder is their black Deſign:
Yea, all the Multitude together, cry
Barabbas ſpare, but *Jeſus* crucify!
Thus he to Death ſubmits:—but, therein *we*
The awful Price of our Redemption ſee!
" Strange *Conqueſt*, where the *Conqueror* muſt die,
" And he is ſlain who wins the *Victory*."
And yet another *Conqueſt* he muſt gain,
Or all our Faith, and higheſt Hopes are vain.
Low in the Earth thoſe precious Spoils are laid;
The GREAT REDEEMER's number'd with the Dead!
His Enemies now thought themſelves ſecure;
A Watch they ſet, and Sepulchre made *ſure*:

But,

But, ſhort's the Triumph of Infernal Foes;
On the third Day the MIGHTY SAVIOUR roſe!
And ſoon to his Diſciples he appear'd;
Whom they, with Joy and Tranſport, ſaw and heard:
But lo! a Cloud deſcends, which bears away
The GLORIOUS VICTOR to the Realms of Day!
Where all the Heav'nly Hoſts their Voices raiſe,
And ſing HIS Triumphs in Immortal Lays!

Ye mourning Saints, ſojourning here below,
Dry up your Tears, and for your Comfort know,
HE who aſcended thus to Worlds on high,
Regards you ever with a Gracious Eye:
Who in like Manner will return again,
When you with HIM Eternally ſhall reign.

P. B.

DEDICATION,

By the AUTHOR.

To the RIGHT WORSHIPFUL *and* REV. DR. NEVYLE, DEAN *of* CANTERBURY, *and* MASTER *of* TRINITY COLLEGE, Cambridge.

Right worthy and Rev. Sir,

AS I have always thought the place wherein I live, after heaven, principally to be desired, both because I most want, and it most abounds in wisdom; which is fled by some with as much delight, as it is obtained by others, and ought to be followed by all: so I cannot but next unto God, for ever acknowledge myself most bound unto the hand of God (I mean yourself) that reached down, as it were, out of heaven, unto me, a benefit of that nature, and price, than which, I could wish none (only heaven itself excepted) either more fruitful, and contenting for the time that is now present, or more comfortable and encouraging for the time that is yet to come.

For as in all men's judgments (that have any judgment) *Europe* is worthily deemed the queen of the world; that garland both of learning and pure religion, being now become her crown, and blossoming upon her head, that hath long since been withered in *Greece* and *Palestine*; so my opinion of this island hath always been

been, that it is the very face, and beauty of all *Europe*: in which both true religion is faithfully profeſſed without ſuperſtition, and (if on earth) true learning ſweetly flouriſheth without oſtentation: and what are the two eyes of this land, but the two *Univerſities*; which cannot but proſper in the time of ſuch a prince, that is a prince of learning, as well as of people: and truly I ſhould forget myſelf, if I ſhould not call Cambridge the right eye: and I think (King Henry VIII. being the uniter, Edward III. the founder, and yourſelf the repairer, of this college wherein I live) none will blame me, if I eſteem the ſame, ſince your poliſhing of it, the faireſt ſight in *Cambridge*: in which being placed by your favour only, moſt freely, without either any means from other, or any deſert in myſelf, being not able to do more, I could do no leſs, than acknowledge that debt, which I ſhall never be able to pay; and with old *Silenus*, in the Poet (upon whom the boys—*injiciunt ipſis ex vincula ſertis*, making his garland his fetters) finding myſelf bound unto you by ſo many benefits, that were given by yourſelf for ornaments, but are to me as ſo many golden chains to hold me faſt in a kind of deſired bondage, ſeek (as he doth) my freedom with a ſong, the matter whereof is as worthy the ſweeteſt finger, as myſelf the miſerable finger, unworthy ſo divine a ſubject: but the ſame favour that before rewarded no deſert, knows now as well how to pardon all faults; than which indulgence, when I regard myſelf, I can wiſh no more; when I remember you, I can hope no leſs.

So

So commending these few broken lines unto yours, and yourself into the hands of the best physician, *Jesus Christ*, with whom the most ill-affected man in the midst of his sickness is in good health, and without whom, the most lusty body, in his greatest jollity, is but a languishing carcase, I humbly take my leave, ending with the same wish, that your devoted observer, and my approved friend doth, in his verses presently sequent *, that your passage to heaven may be slow to us, that shall want you here, but to yourself that cannot want us there, most secure and certain.

Your *Worship's*,

In all Duty and Service,

GILES FLETCHER.

* The following verses.

THOMAS NEVYLE, MOST HEAVENLY.

As when the captain of the heav'nly hoſt,
Or elſe that glorious army doth appear,
In waters drown'd with ſurging billows toſt,
We know they are not, where we ſee they are;
We ſee them in the deep, we ſee them move,
We know they fixed are in heav'n above:

So did the Sun of righteouſneſs come down,
Clouded in fleſh, and ſeemed in the deep:
So do the many waters ſeem to drown
The ſtars, his ſaints, and they on earth to keep;
And yet this Sun from heaven never fell,
And yet theſe earthly ſtars in heaven dwell.

What if their ſouls be into priſon caſt
In earthly bodies? yet they long for heaven:
What if this worldly ſea they have not paſt?
Yet fain they wou'd be brought into their haven:
They are not here, and yet we here them ſee,
For ev'ry one is there, where he wou'd be.

Long may you wiſh, and yet long wiſh in vain,
Hence to depart, and yet that wiſh obtain.
Long may you here in heav'n, on earth remain,
And yet a heav'n in heav'n hereafter gain:
Go you to heav'n, but yet oh make no haſte,
Go ſlowly, ſlowly, but yet go at laſt.

But when the *Nightingale* ſo near doth ſit,
Silence the *Titmouſe* better may befit.

F. NETHERSOLE.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE POEM

CALLED

CHRIST's VICTORY, &c.

FOND lads! that ſpend ſo faſt your poſting time,
(Too poſting time, that ſpends your time as faſt)
To chant light toys, or frame ſome wanton rhyme
Where idle boys may glut their luſtful taſte;
Or elſe with praiſe to clothe ſome fleſhly ſlime
With virgin's roſes, and fair lilies chaſte;
While itching bloods, and youthful ears adore it;
But wiſer men, and once yourſelves will moſt abhor it.

But thou (moſt near, moſt dear) in this of thine,
Haſt prov'd the muſes not to Venus bound,
Such as thy matter, ſuch thy muſe divine:
Or thou ſuch grace with MERCY's ſelf haſt found,
That ſhe herſelf deigns in thy leaves to ſhine:
Or ſtol'n from heav'n thou brought'ſt this verſe to ground,
Which frights the ſtupid ſoul with fearful thunder;
And ſoon with honey'd dews melts it 'twixt joy and wonder.

Then do not thou malicious tongues eſteem;
The glaſs through which an envious eye doth gaze,
Can eas'ly make a molehill, mountains ſeem!
His Praiſe diſpraiſes, his Diſpraiſes praiſe:
Enough, if beſt men, beſt thy labours deem,
And to the higheſt pitch thy merit raiſe;
Whilſt all the muſes to thy ſong decree
VICTORIOUS TRIUMPH, TRIUMPHANT VICTORY!

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

PART I.

CHRIST's VICTORY IN HEAVEN.

I.

THE birth [a] of HIM who no beginning knew,
Yet gives beginning to all that are born;
And how the INFINITE far greater grew,
By growing leſs; and how the riſing morn
Which ſprang from heav'n, did back to heav'n return!
The obſequies of HIM who cou'd not die;
And death of life, end of eternity;
How worthily HE died, who died unworthily:

II.

How God and man, did both embrace each other,
Met in one perſon, heav'n and earth did kiſs;
And how a virgin did become a mother,
And bear that SON, who the world's Father is;
And Maker of his mother; and how Bliſs
Deſcended from the preſence of the HIGH,
To clothe himſelf in naked miſery;
Riſing at length to heav'n, in earth [b] triumphantly,

[a] The argument propounded in general: our redemption by Chriſt.

[b] In man's nature.

III.

III.

Is the firſt theme, wherewith my purer muſe
  Doth burn in heav'nly love, ſuch love to tell.
O THOU[c], who didſt this holy fire infuſe!
  And taught'ſt this breaſt, but late the grave of hell
  Wherein a blind and dead heart liv'd; to ſwell
    With better thoughts; ſend down thoſe lights, that lend
    Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end,
The love that never was, nor ever can be pen'd.

IV.

Ye Sacred Writings! in whoſe antique leaves
  The wondrous deeds of heav'n recorded lie;
Say, what might be the cauſe, that MERCY heaves
  The duſt of ſin above the ſtarry ſky,
  And lets it not to duſt and aſhes fly?
    Cou'd JUSTICE be of ſin ſo over-woo'd,
    Or ſo great ill, be cauſe of ſo great good,
That bloody man to ſave, man's SAVIOUR ſhed his blood?

V.

Or did the lips of MERCY drop ſoft ſpeech[d]
  For trait'rous man, when at th' eternal's throne,
Incens'd *Nemeſis*[e] did heaven beſeech
  With thund'ring voice, that vengeance might be ſhown
  Againſt the rebels, that from God were flown;
    O ſay! ſay how cou'd MERCY plead for thoſe,
    Who ſcarcely made, againſt their Maker roſe?
Will any ſlay his friend, that he may ſpare his foes?

VI.

There is a place beyond that flaming hill,
  From whence the ſtars their thin appearance ſhed,
A place, beyond all place, where never ill,
  Nor impure thought was ever harboured;

[c] The author's invocation, for the better handling of it.
[d] The argument, man's redemption, expounded from the cauſe, MERCY.
[e] According to heathen mythology, the goddeſs of revenge.

But

But faintly heroes are for ever ſaid
To keep an everlaſting ſabbath's reſt,
Still wiſhing that, of which they're ſtill poſſeſt;
Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joys beſt.

VII.

Here, when the ruin of that beaut'ous frame[f],
Whoſe golden building ſhin'd with ev'ry ſtar
Of excellence, deform'd with ſin became;
MERCY[g] rememb'ring peace in midſt of war,
Lift up the muſick of her voice, to bar
Eternal fate, leſt it ſhou'd quite eraſe
That from the world, which was the firſt world's grace,
And all again into their nothing, *Chaos*, chaſe.

VIII.

For what had all this *All*, which man in one,
Did not unite; the earth, air, water, fire,
Life, ſenſe, and ſpirit; nay the pow'rful throne
Of the Divineſt Eſſence did retire,
And his own Image into clay inſpire:
So that this creature well might called be,
Of the great world, the ſmall epitome;
Of the dead world, the life, and quick anatomy.

IX.

But, JUSTICE had no ſooner MERCY ſeen,
Smoothing the wrinkles of her father's brow;
But up ſhe ſtarts, and throws herſelf between:
So when a vapour from a moory ſlough,
Meeting the ſtar of morn (that hath but now
Open'd the world, which all in darkneſs lay)
Doth heav'ns bright face of his rays diſarray,
And damps the ſmiling orient of the ſpringing day.

[f] Man being conſidered as the nobleſt part of the creation.
[g] Pleading for man, now guilty.

X.

X.

She was a VIRGIN of auſtere regard;
Not as the world eſteems her, deaf and blind;
But as the eagle, which hath oft compar'd
Her eye with heav'n's, ſo, and more brightly ſhin'd
Her piercing ſight: for ſhe each wiſh cou'd find
Within the ſolid heart; and with her ears,
The ſilence of the thought, loud ſpeaking hears.
And in one hand a pair of even ſcales ſhe bears.

XI.

No riot of affection revel kept
Within her breaſt; but a ſtill apathy
Poſſeſſed all her ſoul; which ſoftly ſlept
Securely without tempeſt; no ſad cry
Awakes her pity, but wrong'd poverty
Lifting his eyes to heav'n, ſwimming in tears,
With hideous clamours ever ſtruck her ears,
Whetting the blazing ſword, that in her hand appears.

XII.

The forked lightning[h] is her *Mercury*,
And round about her mighty thunders ſound:
Impatient of himſelf lies pining by
Pale ſickneſs, with his head in kerchief bound;
And thouſand noiſome plagues attend her round:
But if her cloudy brow but once grow foul,
The flints do melt, and rocks to water roll,
And lofty mountains ſhake, and frighten'd ſpectres howl.

XIII.

Famine; and meagre care; and bloody war;
Want; and the want of knowledge how to uſe
Abundance;—age, and fear that runs afar
Before his fellow grief, that aye[i] purſues

[h] The retinue of juſtice. [i] i. e. ever.

His winged ſteps;—for who wou'd not refuſe
Grief's company, a dull, and raw-bon'd ſpright,
That ſhrinks the cheeks, and palls the freſheſt ſight;
Unboſoming the cheerful breaſt of all delight.

XIV.

Before this curſed throng goes ignorance,
That needs will lead the way he cannot ſee;
And after all, death doth his flag advance;
And in the midſt ſtrife ſtill wou'd hurtful be,
Whoſe ragged fleſh, and clothes did well agree;
And round about amazed horror flies;
And over all, ſhame vails his guilty eyes;
And underneath, hell's hungry throat ſtill yawning lies.

XV.

Upon two [k] ſtony tables ſpread before her,
She lean'd her boſom, more than ſtony hard;
There ſlept th' impartial judge, and ſtrict reſtorer
Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward;
There hung the ſcore of all our debts; the card
Where good and bad, and life and death were painted:
Never was heart of mortal ſo untainted,
But when that ſcroll was read, with thouſand terrors fainted.

XVI.

Witneſs the thunder that mount *Sinai* ſhook,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame;
And wond'ring *Iſrael* cou'd no longer look;
But blind with ſeeing, durſt not touch the ſame;
And like a wood of ſhaking leaves became:
On this, dread JUSTICE! ſhe, the living law,
Bowing herſelf with a majeſtic awe,
All heav'n, to hear her ſpeech, did into ſilence draw.

[k] Her ſubject, the moral law, which was written on tables of ſtone.

XVII.

Dread LORD [l] of ſpirits! well thou didſt deviſe
To fling the world's rude dunghill and the droſs
Of the old *Chaos*, furtheſt from the ſkies
And thine own ſeat; that here the child of loſs,
Of all the lower heav'n the curſe and croſs,
That wretch, beaſt, caitiff, monſter man, might ſpend,
(Proud of the mire in which his ſoul is penn'd)
Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

XVIII.

His body duſt: where grew ſuch cauſe of pride [m]?
His ſoul thy image: what cou'd he envy?
Himſelf moſt happy, if he ſo wou'd 'bide:
Now grown ſo wretched, who can remedy?
He ſlew himſelf, himſelf the enemy:
That his own ſoul wou'd his own murder wreak,
If I were ſilent, heav'n and earth wou'd ſpeak;
And if all fail'd, theſe ſtones wou'd into clamours break.

XIX.

How many darts made furrows in his ſide,
When ſhe that out of his own ſide was made,
Gave feathers to their flight?—Where was the pride
Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade,
When running from thy voice into the ſhade,
He fled thy ſight, himſelf of ſight bereav'd;
And for his ſhield a leafy armour weav'd,
With which, vain man! he thought God's eyes to have de-[ceiv'd?

XX.

Yet well he might delude thoſe eyes, that ſee,
And judge by colours:—for who ever ſaw
A man of leaves, a reaſonable tree?
But thoſe that from this ſtock their lives did draw,

[l] Her accuſation of man's ſin. [m] And firſt, of Adam's ſin.

Soon

Soon [a] made their father *godly*, and by law
Proclaimed trees Almighty:—gods of wood,
Of ſtocks, and ſtones with crowns of laurel ſtood,
Templed, and fed by fathers with their children's blood.

XXI.

The ſparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
And, like the ſtars of heav'n in midſt of night,
Black *Egypt*, as her mirrors doth behold;
Are but the dens where idol ſnakes delight
Again to cover *Satan* from their ſight:
Yet theſe are all their gods; with whom they vie
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly:
Fit gods indeed, for ſuch men to be ſerved by.

XXII.

The fire, the wind, the ſea, the ſun, and moon;
The flitting air, and the ſwift-flying hours;
And all the watchmen, that ſo nimbly run,
And centinel about the walled tow'rs
Of the world's city, in their heav'nly bow'rs;
And leſt their pleaſant gods ſhou'd want delight,
Neptune caſts forth the lady *Aphrodite*;
And but in heav'n, proud *Juno*'s peacocks ſcorn to light.

XXIII.

The ſenſeleſs earth, the ſerpent, dog, and cat;
And worſe than all theſe, man, and worſt of men
Uſurping *Jove*, and ſwilling *Bacchus* fat,
And drunk with the vines purple blood; and then
The *Fiend* himſelf they conjure from his den,
Becauſe he only yet remain'd to be
Worſe than the worſt of men;—they fly from THEE;
And wear his altar ſtones out with their pliant knee.

[a] Then of his poſterity's, in all kinds of idolatry.

XXIV.

But let him in his cavern reſtleſs reſt;
The dungeon of dark flames, and ſcorching fire:
JUSTICE in heav'n againſt man makes requeſt
To God, and of his angels doth require
Sin's puniſhment:—If what I did deſire,
Or who, or againſt whom, or why, or where,
Of, or before whom ignorant I were,
Then ſhou'd my ſpeech, their ſands of ſins to mountains rear.

XXV.

Were not the heav'ns pure, in whoſe courts I ſue;
The judge, to whom I ſue, juſt to requite him;
The cauſe for ſin, the puniſhment moſt due;
Juſtice herſelf, the plaintiff to indite him;
The angels holy, before whom I cite him;
He againſt whom, wicked, unjuſt, impure:
Then might he ſinful live and die ſecure,
Or trial might eſcape, or trial might endure.

XXVI.

The judge might partial be, and over-pray'd;
The place appeal'd from, in whoſe courts he ſues;
The fault excus'd, or puniſhment delay'd;
The party's ſelf accus'd, that did accuſe;
Angels for pardon might their prayers uſe:
But now no ſtar can ſhine, no hope be got;
Moſt wretched creature if he knew his lot;
And yet, more wretched far, becauſe he knows it not*!

XXVII.

What ſhou'd I tell, how barren earth is grown,
And that to ſtarve her children? Didſt not THOU
Water with heav'nly ſhow'rs her womb unſown,
And drop down clouds of flow'rs; didſt THOU not bow

* An awful effect of ſin; which renders the ſinner totally blind to his miſerable condition.

Thine

Thine eaſy ear unto the ploughman's vow:
Long might he look, and look, and long in vain,
Might load his harveſt in an empty wain,
And beat the woods to find the poor oak's hungry grain.

XXVIII.

The ſwelling ſea ſeeths in his angry waves,
And ſmites the earth that dares the traitors nouriſh:
Yet oft his tempeſts their light bark outbraves;
Ranging the mountains, on whoſe ſides do flouriſh
Whole woods of garlands; and their pride to cheriſh,
Plough through the ſea's green fields, and nets diſplay
To catch the flying winds, and ſteal away,
Coz'ning the greedy ſea, pris'ning their nimble prey.

XXIX.

Who makes the ſources of the ſilver fountains,
From the flint's mouth, and rocky vallies glide,
Thick'ning the airy bowels of the mountains?
Who hath the wild herds of the foreſt ty'd
In their cold dens, making them hungry bide
Till man to reſt be laid?—Can beaſtly he,
That ſhou'd have moſt ſenſe, only ſenſeleſs be;
And all things elſe, ſave he himſelf, ſo awful ſee.

XXX.

Were he not wilder than the ſavage beaſt;
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than rocks;
Colder than fountains from their ſprings releaſt;
Lighter than air, more blind than ſenſeleſs ſtocks;
More changing than the rivers curling locks:
If reaſon wou'd not, ſenſe wou'd ſoon reprove[p] him,
And unto ſhame, if not to ſorrow move him,
To ſee cold floods, wild beaſts, dull ſtocks, hard ſtones outlove him.

[p] For his ingratitude.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Under the weight of ſin the earth did fall,
And ſwallow'd *Dathan*;—and the raging wind,
And ſtormy ſea, and gaping whale, did call
For *Jonas*;—and the air did bullets find,
And ſhot from heav'n a ſtony ſhow'r to grind
The five proud kings, that for their idols fought;
The ſun itſelf ſtood ſtill to fight it out;
And fire from heav'n came down, when ſin to heav'n did ſhout.

XXXII.

Shou'd any to himſelf for ſafety fly?
The way to ſave himſelf (if any were)
Is to fly from himſelf [q].—Should he rely
Upon the promiſe of his wife? What there,
What can he ſee, but that he moſt may fear,
A ſiren, ſweet to death?—Upon his friends?
Who what he needs, or what he hath not lends;
Or wanting aid himſelf, aid to another ſends.

XXXIII.

His ſtrength? 'Tis duſt:—His pleaſure? Cauſe of pain:
His hope? Falſe courtier:—Youth or beauty? Brittle:
Intreaty? Fond:—Repentance? Late and vain:
Juſt recompence? The world were all too little:
THY love? He hath no title to a tittle:
Hell's force? In vain her furies hell ſhall gather:
His ſervants, kinſmen, or his children rather?
His child (if good) ſhall judge; (if bad) ſhall curſe his father.

XXXIV.

His life? That brings him to his end, and leaves him:
His end? That leaves him to begin his woe:
His goods? What good in that which ſo deceives him:
His gods of wood? Their feet alas! are ſlow

[q] Being deſtitute of all hope, or any remedy.

To

To go to help, which muſt be help'd to go:
Honours, great worth? Ah! little worth they be
Unto their owners:—Wit? That makes him ſee,
He wanted wit, who thought he had it, wanting THEE.

XXXV.

What need I urge [r], what they muſt needs confeſs?
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own luſt;
I crave no more, and THOU canſt give no leſs,
Than death to dead men, juſtice to unjuſt;
Shame to moſt ſhameful, and moſt ſhameleſs duſt:
But if THY mercy needs will ſpare her friends,
Let mercy there begin, where juſtice ends.
'Tis cruel mercy, that the wrong from right defends.

XXXVI.

She ended [s], and the heav'nly hierarchies,
Burning with zeal, now quickly marſhall'd were;
Like to an army that alarum cries,
When ev'ry one doth ſhake his dreadful ſpear;
And the Almighty's ſelf, as he wou'd tear
The earth and her firm baſis quite aſunder,
Flam'd all in juſt revenge, and mighty thunder;
Heav'n ſtole itſelf from earth, by clouds that gather'd under.

XXXVII.

As [t] when the cheerful ſun, light ſpreading wide,
Glads all the world with his diffuſive ray,
And woo's the widow'd earth afreſh, to pride
And paint her boſom with the flow'ry May;
His ſilent ſiſter ſteals him quite away,
Wrapt in a ſable cloud, from mortal eyes,
The haſty ſtars at noon begin to riſe,
And headlong to his early rooſt the ſparrow flies.

[r] He can expect nothing but a fearful ſentence.
[s] Juſtice having ended her ſpeech: the effect it had on the heavenly powers.
[t] Appeaſed by mercy.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

But ſoon as he unclouded is again,
  Reſtoring the blind world his blemiſh'd ſight,
As tho' another day were now began;
  The cozen'd birds, induſtrious take their flight,
  And wonder at the ſhortneſs of the night:
    So MERCY once again herſelf diſplays
    Out from her ſiſter's cloud, and open lays
Thoſe ſunſhine looks, whoſe beams wou'd dim a thouſand days.

XXXIX.

How may a worm [n] that crawls along the duſt,
  Aſcend the azure mountains thrown ſo high,
And bring from thence thy fair idea juſt,
  That in thoſe bright abodes doth hidden lie;
  Cloth'd with ſuch light as blinds the angel's eye:
    How may weak mortal ever hope to file
    His unſmooth tongue, and his ſo uncouth ſtyle?
O! raiſe thou from his corpſe, thy now entomb'd exile.

XL.

If any aſk [o] why roſes pleaſe the ſight?
  Becauſe their leaves upon thy cheeks do bow'r;
If any aſk why lilies are ſo white?
  Becauſe their bloſſoms in thy hand do flow'r;
  Or why ſweet plants ſuch grateful odours ſhow'r?
    It is becauſe thy breath ſo like they be;
    Or why the *Orient* ſun ſo bright we ſee?
What reaſon can we give, but from thine eyes and thee.

XLI.

Ros'd all in lively crimſon are thy cheeks,
  Where beauties ever flouriſhing abide;
And as to paſs his fellow either ſeeks
  Both ſeem to bluſh at one another's pride:

[n] Our inability to deſcribe this glorious attribute.

[o] Her beauty reſembled by the creatures, which are all but frail ſhadows of her perfections.

And

And on thine eyelids, waiting thee beſide,
Ten thouſand graces [z] ſit, and when they move
To earth, their looks ſo beaut'ous, from above,
They fly from heav'n, and on their wings convey thy love.

XLII.

As melting honey [y], dropping from the comb,
Diſtill the words that ſpring between thy lips;
Thy lips, where ſmiling ſweetneſs keeps her home,
And heav'nly eloquence pure manna ſips:
He, that his pen but in that fountain dips,
How nimbly will the golden phraſes fly;
And ſend forth ſtrains of choiceſt poeſy,
That captivate the ear with their ſweet harmony.

XLIII.

Like as the thirſty land, in ſummer's heat,
Calls to the clouds, and opes at every ſhow'r,
As though her hungry clefts all heav'n wou'd eat;
Which if High God into her boſom pour,
Though much refreſh'd, yet more ſhe cou'd devour:
So angels greed'ly hear thoſe words ſo ſweet,
And every breath, a thouſand longing meet;
Some flying in, ſome out, and all about her fleet.

XLIV.

Upon her breaſt, delight doth ſoftly ſleep,
And with eternal joy is nouriſhed;
Thoſe ſnowy mountainets, through which do creep
The milky rivers, that are inly bred
In ſilver ciſterns, and themſelves do ſhed
On weary travellers in heat of day,
To quench their fiery thirſt, and to allay
With dropping *Nectar* floods the hardſhips of their way.

[z] Her attendants. [y] Her perſuaſive power.

XLV.

If [a] any wander, thou doſt call him back;
If any be not forward, thou incit'ſt him;
Thou doſt expect, if any ſhou'd grow ſlack;
If any ſeem but willing, thou invit'ſt him;
Or if he do offend thee, thou acquitt'ſt him;
Thou find'ſt the loſt, and follow'ſt him that flies;
Healing the ſick, and quick'ning him that dies;
Thou art the lame man's friendly ſtaff, the blind man's eyes.

XLVI.

So fair thou art, that all wou'd thee behold;
But, none can thee behold, thou art ſo fair:
Pardon, O pardon then thy vaſſal bold!
That with poor ſhadows ſtriveth to compare,
And match the things which he knows matchleſs are:
O thou bright mirror of celeſtial grace!
How can frail colours, e'er portray thy face,
Or paint in fleſh thy beauty, in ſuch ſemblance baſe?

XLVII.

Her upper garment [a] was a ſilken lawn,
Richly with needle-work embroidered;
Which ſhe herſelf, with her own hand had drawn;
And all the world therein had portrayed,
With threads ſo freſh and lively coloured,
As if the world ſhe new-created there;
And the miſtaken eye wou'd raſhly ſwear,
The ſilken trees did grow, and the beaſts living were.

XLVIII.

Low [b] at her feet the earth was caſt alone,
(As tho' to kiſs her foot it did aſpire,
And gave itſelf for her to tread upon)
With ſo unlike and different attire,

[a] Her kind offices to man. [a] Her dreſs compoſed of all the creatures.
[b] Earth.

That

That every one who saw it, did admire
What it might be, was of such various hue;
For to itself, it oft so diverse grew,
That still it seem'd the same, and still it seem'd anew.

XLIX.

And here and there few men she scattered,
(Who in their thoughts the world esteem but small,
And themselves great) but she with one fine thread
So short, and small, and slender wove them all,
That like a sort of busy ants that crawl
About some molehill, so they wandered;
And round about the waving sea was shed;
But for the silver sands, small pearls were there sprinkled.

L.

So curiously the under-work did creep;
And curling circlets so well shadow'd lay,
That afar off the waters seem'd to sleep;
But those that near the margin pearls did play,
Hoarsely enwaved were with hasty sway;
As tho' they meant to lull the gentle ear,
And hush the former that enslumber'd were;
And here a dang'rous rock the flying ships did fear.

LI.

High [d] in the airy element was hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain
(As tho' his purer waves from heaven sprung)
To crawl on earth as doth the sluggish main;
But it, the ground wou'd water with his rain,
That ebb'd, and flow'd, as wind, and season would;
And oft the sun wou'd cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

[c] Sea. [d] Air.

LII.

Beneath thoſe ſunny banks, a darker cloud
Dropping with thicker dew did melt apace,
And bent itſelf into a hollow ſhroud;
On which if MERCY did but caſt her face,
A thouſand colours did the bow enchaſe;
That wondrous 'twas to ſee the ſilk diſtain'd,
With the reſplendance from her beauty gain'd;
And *Iris* paint her locks with beams ſo lively feign'd.

LIII.

About her head a *Cyprus* wreath * ſhe wore,
Spread like a vail upheld with ſilver wire;
In which the ſtars ſo burn'd in golden ore,
As if the azure web was all on fire;
But haſtily to quench their ſparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the ſhore,
That on his curdled wave ſwift *Argus* bore;
And the immortal *Swan* that did her life deplore.

LIV.

Yet ſtrange it was ſo many ſtars to ſee
Without a ſun, to give their tapers light:
Yet ſtrange it was not, that it ſo ſhou'd be:
For where the ſun centers himſelf by right,
Her face and locks did flame; that at the ſight,
The heav'nly vail, that elſe wou'd quickly move,
Forgot his flight, and all inflam'd with love,
With wonder and amazement, did her beauty prove.

LV.

Over her hung a canopy of ſtate †;
Not of rich tiſſue, nor of ſpangled gold;
But of a ſubſtance, tho' not animate,
Yet of a heav'nly, and ſpiritual mould,

* The celeſtial bodies. † The third heaven.

That

That only eyes of ſpirits might behold;
Such light as from vaſt rocks of diamond,
Shooting their ſparks at *Phœbus*, wou'd rebound;
And little angels holding hands danc'd all around.

LVI.

It ſeem'd thoſe little ſprights, ſo ſwift and bold,
The ſtately canopy bore on their wings:
But them itſelf, as pendants did uphold;
Beſides the crowns of many famous kings;
Amongſt the reſt there *David* ever ſings;
And now, with years grown young, renews his lays
Unto his golden harp; and ditties plays,
Pſalming aloud in well-tun'd ſongs, his MAKER's praiſe.

LVII.

Thou ſelf-idea of all joys to come;
Whoſe love is ſuch wou'd make the rudeſt ſpeak;
Whoſe love is ſuch, wou'd make the wiſeſt dumb:
O when wilt thou thy ſo long ſilence break,
And overcome the ſtrong to ſave the weak!
If thou no weapons haſt, thine eyes will wound
Th' Almighty's ſelf, that gaze upon the ground,
As tho' ſome wondrous object there, did them confound.

LVIII.

Ah! miſerable abject [s] of diſgrace,
What happineſs is in thy miſery?
I both muſt pity and envy thy caſe:
For SHE who is the glory of the ſky,
Leaves heaven blind, to fix on thee her eye:
Yet her (tho' MERCY's ſelf eſteems not ſmall)
The world deſpis'd; they her *Repentance* call;
And ſhe herſelf deſpiſes, and the world, and all.

[s] Repentance.

LIX.

Deeply, alas! empaſſioned ſhe ſtood,
To ſee a flaming brand, toſt up from hell;
Boiling her heart in her own luſtful blood,
That oft for torment ſhe wou'd loudly yell;
Now ſhe wou'd ſighing ſit, and now ſhe fell
Crouching upon the ground in ſackcloth vile;
Early and late ſhe pray'd, faſting the while;
And her diſhevel'd hair, aſhes and duſt defile.

LX.

Of all moſt hated, yet hated moſt of all
Of her own ſelf ſhe was;—diſconſolate
(As though herſelf were making funeral
For her poor ghoſt) ſhe in an arbour ſat
Of thorny brier, weeping her curſed ſtate;
And her before a haſty river fled,
Which her blind eyes with faithful penance fed;
And all about, the graſs with tears hung down its head.

LXI.

Her eyes, tho' blind abroad, at home kept faſt;
Inwards they turn'd, and look'd into her head,
At which ſhe often ſtarted as aghaſt,
To ſee ſo fearful ſpectacles of dread;
And with one hand her breaſt ſhe martyred,
Wounding her heart the ſame to mortify;
The other a fair *Damſel*[b] held her by,
Which if but once let go, ſhe ſunk immediately.

LXII.

But *Faith* was quick, and ſwift as is the heav'n,
As if of love, and life, ſhe all had been;
And tho' of preſent ſight ſhe was bereav'n,
Yet, ſhe cou'd ſee the things cou'd not be ſeen

[b] Faith.

Beyond

Beyond the ſtars, as nothing were between;
She fix'd her ſight, diſdaining things below;
Into the ſea ſhe cou'd a mountain throw,
And make the ſun to ſtand, and waters backward flow.

LXIII.

Such, when as MERCY, her beheld from high,
In a dark valley drown'd with her own tears;
One of her graces ſhe ſent ſpeedily,
Smiling *Eirene*, who a garland wears
Of gilded olive, on her fairer hairs,
To crown the fainting ſouls true ſacrifice;
Whom, when as ſad *Repentance* coming ſpies,
The holy *Deſperado* wip'd her ſwollen eyes.

LXIV.

But MERCY felt a kind remorſe to run
Thro' her ſoft veins, and therefore moved faſt
To put an end to ſilence, thus begun[i],
Aye honoured FATHER, if no joy thou haſt
But to reward deſert; reward at laſt
The Devil's voice, who ſpoke with ſerpent's tongue,
(Meet to hiſs out the words, ſo deadly ſtung)
And let him die, death's bitter charms ſo ſweetly ſung.

LXV.

He was the father[k] of that hopeleſs ſeaſon,
When to ſerve other gods, men left their own;
The reaſon was, THOU waſt above their reaſon:
They wou'd have any gods, rather than none,
A beaſtly ſerpent, or a ſenſeleſs ſtone:
And theſe as JUSTICE hates, ſo I deplore:
But, the up-ploughed heart all rent and tore,
Tho' wounded by itſelf, I gladly wou'd reſtore.

[i] Her deprecative ſpeech for man, in which [k] ſhe tranſlates the principal fault unto the Devil.

LXVI.

LXVI.

He [l] was but duſt, why fear'd he not to fall?
And being fall'n, how can he hope to live?
Cannot the hand deſtroy him, that made all?
Cou'd he not take away, as well as give?
Shou'd man deprave, and ſhall not God deprive?
Was it not all the world's deceiving ſpirit,
(That, puffed up with pride of his own merit,
Fell in his riſe) that him of heav'n did diſinherit.

LXVII.

He [m] was but duſt: how cou'd he ſtand before him?
And being fall'n, why ſhou'd he fear to die?
Cannot the hand that made him firſt, reſtore him?
Deprav'd by ſin, ſhou'd he deprived lie
Of grace?—Can he not hide infirmity,
Who gave him ſtrength? Unworthy the forſaking
He is, who ever weighs, without miſtaking,
Or maker of the man, or manner of his making.

LXVIII.

Who ſhall bring incenſe to thy temple more?
Or on thy altar crown the ſacrifice;
Or ſtrew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd floor;
Or why ſhou'd prayer deck with herbs and ſpice
Her vials, breathing oriſons of price?
If [n] all muſt pay, that which all cannot pay?
Oh! firſt begin with me, and MERCY ſlay,
And thy thrice-honour'd SON, who now beneath doth ſtray.

LXIX.

But if, or HE, or I, may live, and ſpeak;
And heav'n rejoice to ſee a ſinner weep,
Oh! let not JUSTICE iron ſceptre break
A heart already broke, that low doth creep,

[l] Referring to juſtice's aggravation of man's ſin. [m] Mitigates it firſt by a contrary inference. [n] By intereſting herſelf in the cauſe of Chriſt.

And

And with humility her Feet's duſt doth ſweep.
Muſt all go by deſert, is nothing free?
Ah! if but thoſe, who only worthy be,
None ſhou'd thee ever ſee, none ſhou'd thee ever ſee.

LXX.

What hath man done, that MAN ſhall not undo,
Since God to him is grown ſo near akin?
Did his foe ſlay him?—He ſhall ſlay his foe:
Hath he loſt all?—He all again ſhall win:
Is ſin his maſter?—He ſhall maſter ſin:
Too hardy ſoul, with ſin the field to try;
The only way to conquer, was to fly:
But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's ſelf ſhall die.

LXXI.

CHRIST is a path,—if any be miſled;
He is a robe,—if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger,—he is bread;
If any be a bondman,—he is free;
If any be but weak,—how ſtrong is he?
To dead men, life he is;—to ſick men, health;
To blind men, ſight; and to the needy, wealth;
A pleaſure without loſs;—a treaſure without ſtealth.

LXXII.

Who can forget? Never to be forgot,
The time[p], that all the world in ſlumber lies;
When like the ſtars, the ſinging angels ſhot
To earth; and heav'n awaken'd all his eyes,
To ſee another SUN, at midnight riſe:
On earth, was never ſight of equal fame:
For God before, man like himſelf did frame;
But God himſelf, now like a mortal man became.

[o] Chriſt being as ſufficient to ſatisfy, as man was impotent.
[p] Whom ſhe celebrates from the time of his nativity.

LXXIII.

A child he was[s], and had not learnt to ſpeak,
Who with his word, the world before did make;
His mother's arms him bore, he was ſo weak,
Who with one hand the vaults of heav'n cou'd ſhake:
See how ſmall room my infant LORD doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold.
Who of his years, or of his age hath told?
Never ſuch age ſo young, never a child ſo old.

LXXIV.

And yet but lately was this infant bred;
And yet already he was ſought to die;
Yet ſcarcely born, already baniſhed;
Not able yet to go, and forc'd to fly;
But ſcarcely fled away, when by and by,
The tyrant's ſword with blood is all defil'd;
And *Rachel* for her ſons, with fury wild,
Cries, O thou cruel king! and O my ſweeteſt child!

LXXV.

Egypt his nurſe became, where *Nilus* ſprings;
Who ſtraight to entertain the riſing SUN,
The haſty harveſt in his boſom brings:
But now for drought the fields are all undone;
And now with waters all is overrun;
So faſt the *Cynthian* mountains pour'd their ſnow,
When once they felt the SUN ſo near them glow;
That *Nilus*, *Egypt* loſt, and to a ſea did grow.

LXXVI.

The angels caroll'd loud their ſong of peace;
The curſed *Oracles* were all ſtruck dumb;
To ſee their SHEPHERD, the poor ſhepherds preſs;
To ſee their KING, the kingly *Sophies* come,

[s] From the effects of it in himſelf.

And

And them to guide unto their MASTER's home,
A ſtar comes dancing up the orient,
And ſprings for joy over the ſtrawy tent;
Where gold, to make their PRINCE a crown, they all preſent.

LXXVII.

Young *John*, glad child, before he cou'd be born,
Leap'd in the womb, his joy to propheſy;
Old *Anna*, tho' with age all ſpent and worn,
Proclaims her SAVIOUR to poſterity;
And *Simeon* faſt his dying words doth ply;
Oh, how the bleſſed ſouls about him trace!
It is the SIRE of heav'n thou doſt embrace,
Sing, *Simeon*, ſing; ſing, *Simeon*, ſing apace!

LXXVIII.

With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's outſtretched arm[7]; now milder grown
And melted into tears; as if to pray
For pardon, and for pity, it had known;
Which ſhou'd have been for ſacred vengeance thrown:
Thereto th' angelic armies all had vow'd
Their former rage:—but, all to MERCY bow'd,
And broken weapons at her feet, they gladly ſtrow'd.

LXXIX.

Bring, bring ye graces all your ſilver flaſkets[8],
Painted with every choiceſt flow'r that grows,
That I may ſoon unload your fragrant baſkets,
To ſtrew the fields with odours, where he goes;
Let whatſoe'er he treads on be a roſe.
So down ſhe let her eyelids fall, to ſhine
Upon the rivers of bright *Paleſtine*;
Whoſe woods drop honey, and her rivers flow with wine.

[7] The effects of MERCY's ſpeech. [8] A tranſition to Chriſt's ſecond victory.

END OF PART I.

III.

PART II.

CHRIST's VICTORY

ON EARTH.

I.

THERE[a] by himſelf alone, remain'd awhile
In ſhady darkneſs a poor traveller;
Who now had meaſur'd many a weary mile,
Thro' a waſte deſert, where th'Almighty Sire
And his own will him brought; (a place how dire!)
Whom to devour, as he to reſt began,
The hungry beaſts of the wild foreſt ran,
And all with open throat, wou'd ſwallow whole the MAN.

II.

'Tis ſure that MAN cou'd have deſtroyed all,
Whom to devour, the beaſts now made pretence:
For him their ſavage thirſt cou'd nought appal,
Tho' weapons none he had for his defence:
What arms for innocence, but innocence?
But when they ſaw their LORD's bright cognizance
Shine in his face, ſoon did they ceaſe t'advance;
And ſome unto him kneel, and ſome about him dance.

[a] Chriſt brought into the place of combat, the wilderneſs, amongſt the wild beaſts. Mark i. 13.

III.

III.

Down fell the lordly lion's angry mood[b],
And he himſelf fell down in conges low;
Bidding him welcome to his waſteful wood:
Sometimes he kiſs'd the graſs where he wou'd go;
And, as to waſh his feet he well did know,
With fawning tongue he lick'd away the duſt;
And every one wou'd neareſt to him thruſt;
And every one with new, forgot his former luſt.

IV.

Unmindful of himſelf, to mind his LORD,
The lamb ſtood gazing by the tyger's ſide,
As tho' between them they had made accord;
And on the lion's back the goat did ride,
Regardleſs of the roughneſs of the hide:
If he ſtood ſtill, their eyes upon him baited;
But if he walk'd, they all in order waited;
And when he ſlept, they as his watch themſelves conceited.

V.

Upon a graſſy hillock he was laid,
Where woody primroſes now flouriſhed;
And over him the wanton ſhadows play'd
Of a wild olive, which her boughs ſo ſpread,
That with her leaves ſhe ſeem'd to crown his head;
And her green arms t'embrace the PRINCE of peace:
The SUN ſo near, needs muſt the winter ceaſe;
The SUN ſo near, another ſpring ſeem'd to increaſe.

VI.

His hair was black[c], and in ſmall curls did twine,
As tho' it were the ſhadow of ſome light;
And underneath, his face, as day did ſhine;
But ſure the day ne'er ſhined half ſo bright,

[b] Whom the creatures cannot but adore.

[c] The beauty of his body. Cant. v. 11.

Nor

Nor the ſun's ſhadow made ſo dark a night:
Under his lovely locks, her head to ſhroud,
Wou'd make humility herſelf grow proud:
Hither, to light their lamps, did all the graces crowd.

VII.

One of ten thouſand ſouls I am, and more,
That of his eyes, and their ſweet wounds complain;
Sweet are the wounds of LOVE, however ſore,
Ah, might he often ſlay me ſo again!
He never lives, that thus is never ſlain.
What boots to watch? Thoſe eyes, for all my art,
Mine own eyes looking on, have ſtole my heart;
In them LOVE bends his bow, and dips his flaming dart.

VIII.

His cheeks as ſnowy apples, dipt in wine,
Had their red roſes quencht with lilies white[d];
And like to garden ſtrawberries did ſhine,
Waſh'd in a bowl of milk; or roſe-buds bright,
Unboſoming their breaſts againſt the light:
Here love-ſick ſouls did eat, there drank, and made
Sweet-ſmelling poſies, that can never fade:
But, worldly eyes him thought more like ſome living ſhade[e].

IX.

For laughter never ſat upon his brow,
Tho' in his face all ſmiling joys abide;
No ſilken banners did about him flow:
Fools make their fetters enſigns of their pride;
He was beſt cloth'd, when naked was his ſide.
A LAMB he was, and woollen fleece he bore,
Wove with one thread; his feet low ſandals wore;
But bare were both his legs, ſo went the times of yore.

[d] Cant. v. 10. [e] Iſa. liii. 2.

X.

X.

As two white marble pillars that uphold
God's holy place, where he in glory ſets;
And riſe with goodly grace and courage bold,
To bear his temple on their ample jets,
Vein'd ev'ry where with azure rivulets:
Whom all the people on ſome holy morn,
With boughs and flow'ry garlands do adorn;
Of ſuch, tho' fairer far, this temple was upborne[f].

XI.

Twice had *Diana* bent her golden bow,
(And ſhot from heav'n her ſilver ſhafts, to rouſe
The ſluggiſh beaſts that dwell in dens below,
And all the day in lazy covert drowſe)
Since him the ſilent wilderneſs did houſe:
The heav'n his roof, and arbour ſhelter was;
The ground his bed, and his moiſt pillow, graſs:
But fruits there none did grow, nor rivers none did paſs.

XII.

At length an aged *Sire*[a] far off he ſaw
Come ſlowly footing; ev'ry ſtep he gueſs'd
One of his feet he from the grave did draw;
Three legs he had, that made of wood, was beſt;
And all the way he went, he ever bleſt
With benedictions, and with prayers ſtore;
But, the bad ground was bleſſed ne'er the more:
And all his head with ſnow of age was waxen hoar.

XIII.

A good old *Hermit* he now ſeem'd to be,
Who for devotion had the world forſaken;
And now was travelling ſome ſaint to ſee,
Since to his beads he had himſelf betaken;

[f] Cant. v. 15.

[a] Chriſt meeting his adverſary the Devil, diſguiſed as an hermit.

Where

Where all his former ſins he might awaken;
And them might waſh away with tears of brine,
And alms, and faſts, and churches diſcipline;
And dead, might reſt his bones under the holy ſhrine.

XIV.

But when he nearer came, he bowed low
With prone obeiſance, and with court'ſy kind;
That at his feet his head he ſeem'd to throw:
What need he now another ſaint to find?
Affections are the ſails, and faith the wind,
That to this ſaint a thouſand ſouls convey
Each hour: O happy pilgrims thither ſtray!
What care they for the beaſts, or for the weary way?

XV.

Soon the old *Palmer* his devotions ſung,
Like pleaſing anthems, mod'lated in time;
For well that aged *Sire* cou'd tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and rhyme;
And ſmooth his rugged ſpeech with phraſes prime.
Ay me! quoth he, how many years have been,
Since theſe old eyes the ſun of heav'n have ſeen!
Certes the SON of heav'n, they now behold I ween.

XVI.

Ah, might my humble cell ſo bleſſed be!
As heav'n to welcome in its lowly roof;
And be the temple for thy Deity!
Lo! how my cottage worſhips thee aloof;
That under ground hath hid its head, in proof
It doth adore thee, with the ceiling low.
Here's milk and honey; and here cheſnuts grow;
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee ſhall beſtow.

XVII.

But oh[h]! he ſaid, and therewith ſigh'd full deep;
The heav'ns, alas, too envious are grown,
Becauſe our fields thy preſence from them keep;
For ſtones now grow, where corn was lately ſown:
(So ſtooping down, he gather'd up a ſtone)
But thou with corn canſt make this ſtone to ear:
What need we then the angry heav'ns to fear?
Let them envy us ſtill, ſo we enjoy thee here.

XVIII.

Thus on they wander'd; but, thoſe holy weeds,
A monſtrous ſerpent[i], and not man do cover;
So under greeneſt herbs the adder feeds:
And round about that loathſome corpſe did hover
The diſmal prince of gloomy night; and over
His ever-damned head the ſhadows err'd
Of thouſand peccant ghoſts, unſeen, unheard;
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

XIX.

He was the ſon of blackeſt *Acheron*,
Where many damned ſouls loud wailing lie;
And rul'd the burning waves of *Phlegethon*,
Where many more in flaming ſulphur fry;
At once compell'd to live, and forc'd to die:
Where nothing can be heard, but the ſad cry
Of oh! alas! and oh! alas! that I!
Or once again might live, or once at length might die!

XX.

Ere long they came near to a baleful bow'r[k],
Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
Which gaping ſtood all comers to devour;
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,

[h] Cloſely tempting him to deſpair of God's providence.

[i] Being what he ſeemed not, *Satan*.

[k] The tempter would lead Chriſt to *Deſperation*; characteriſed by his place, countenance, apparel, horrible apparitions, &c. in [illegible] and the five following ſtanzas.

That

That ſtill for carrion carcaſes doth crave.
The ground no herbs but venomous did bear;
The trees all leafleſs ſtood; and ev'ry where
Dead bones and ſkulls were caſt, and bodies hanged were.

XXI.

Upon the roof, the bird of ſorrow ſat,
Keeping back joyful day with her ſad note;
And through the ſhady air the flutt'ring bat
Did wave her leathern ſails, and blindly float;
While with her wings the fatal ſcreech-owl ſmote
Th' unbleſſed houſe; there on a craggy ſtone
Celæno[1] hung, and made a direful moan;
And all about the murder'd ghoſts did ſhriek and groan.

XXII.

Like cloudy moon-ſhine in ſome ſhadowy grove,
Such was the light in which *Deſpair* did dwell;
But he himſelf with night for darkneſs ſtrove:
His black uncombed locks diſhevell'd fell
About his face; thro' which as brands of hell
Sunk in his ſkull, his ſtaring eyes did glow,
Which made him deadly look;—their glimpſes ſhow
Like cockatrices eyes, that ſparks of poiſon throw.

XXIII.

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinn'd faſt;
And as he muſing lay, into a fright
A thouſand wild chimeras wou'd him caſt:
So when a fearful dream in midſt of night
Diſturbs the mind, and to the aſtoniſh'd ſight
Some phantom brings; ſtraight doth the haſty foot
Aſſay to flee, but can't itſelf up-root;
The voice dies in the tongue; the mouth gapes without boot[m].

[1] One of the harpies, See Virgil's Æneid.

[m] This is deſcriptive of what is vulgarly called the Night-mare.

XXIV.

Now he wou'd dream, that he from heav'n fell,
And then wou'd ſnatch the air, afraid to fall;
And now he thought he ſinking was to hell,
And then wou'd graſp the earth; and now his ſtall
To him ſeem'd hell, and then he out wou'd crawl:
And ever as he went wou'd ſquint aſide,
Leſt he ſhou'd be by fiends from hell eſpy'd;
And forc'd, alas! in chains for ever to abide.

XXV.

Therefore he ſoftly ſhrunk and ſtole away,
Nor ever dared to draw his breath for fear,
Till to the door he came, and there he lay
Panting for breath, as tho' he dying were;
And ſtill he thought he felt their grapples tare
Him by the heels back to his ugly den;
Out, fain he wou'd have leap'd, but then
The heav'ns, as hell, he fear'd, that puniſh guilty men.

XXVI.

Within the gloomy den of this pale wight,
The ſerpent woo'd him with his charms, to inn;
That he might bait by day, and reſt by night;
But under that ſame bait, a fearful gin
Was ready to entangle him in ſin:
But he upon *Ambroſia* daily fed,
That grew in *Eden*; thus he anſwered;
So both away were caught, and to the temple fled.

XXVII.

Well knew our SAVIOUR this the *Serpent* was;
And the old *Serpent* knew our SAVIOUR well;
Never did any *this* in falſhood paſs;
Never did any HIM in truth excell:

With

With HIM we fly to heav'n; from heav'n we fell
With *this*:—but now they both together met
Upon the ſacred pinnacle[a], that threat
With its aſpiring top *Aſtræa*'s ſtarry ſeat.

XXVIII.

Here did *Preſumption* her pavilion ſpread,
Over the temple the bright ſtars among;
(Ah, that her foot ſhou'd trample on the head
Of that revered place!)—and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys ſung her a pleaſant ſong
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace;
And every one her dearly did embrace;
And ſhe herſelf enamour'd was of her own face.

XXIX.

Poor fool! ſhe thought herſelf in wondrous price
With God, as if in paradiſe ſhe were;
But, were ſhe not in a fool's paradiſe,
She might have ſeen more reaſon to deſpair:
But him[b], ſhe like ſome ghaſtly fiend, did fear;
And therefore as that wretch hew'd out his cell,
Under the bowels, in the heart of hell,
So ſhe above the moon, amidſt the ſtars wou'd dwell.

XXX.

Her tent with ſunny clouds was ceil'd aloft,
And ſo exceeding ſhone with a falſe light,
That heav'n itſelf to her it ſeemed oft,
Heav'n without clouds to her deluded ſight;
But clouds without a heav'n it was aright:
And as her houſe was built, ſo wou'd her brain
Build caſtles in the air, with idle pain:
But heart ſhe never had, in all her body vain.

[a] The tempter would lead Chriſt to *Preſumption*; characteriſed by her place, attendants, &c. in the ſeven following ſtanzas.

[b] *Deſpair*, before deſcribed

XXXI.

XXXI.

Like to a ſhip, in which no ballaſt lies,
Without a pilot on the ſleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies;
And painted maſts with ſilken ſails, ſo braves,
That *Neptune*'s ſelf the bragging veſſel ſaves,
To laugh awhile at her ſo proud array;
Her waving ſtreamers looſely ſhe lets play,
That with their colours ſhine, as bright as ſmiling day.

XXXII.

But, ah! ſo ſoon as heav'n his brows doth bend,
She vails her banners, and pulls in her beams;
The empty bark the raging billows ſend
Up to th' *Olympic* waves; and *Argus* ſeems
Again to ride upon our lower ſtreams:
Juſt ſo *Preſumption* did herſelf behave,
Toſſed about with every ſtormy wave;
And in white lawn ſhe went, moſt like an angel brave.

XXXIII.

Gently our SAVIOUR ſhe began to taſk,
Whether he were the SON of God, or no;
For any other ſhe diſdain'd to aſk;
And if he were, ſhe bid him, fearleſs throw
Himſelf to ground, and therewithal did ſhow
A flight of little angels, that await,
Upon their glittering wings to catch him ſtraight,
And longed on their backs to feel his glorious weight.

XXXIV.

But when ſhe ſaw her ſpeech prevailed nought,
Herſelf ſhe tumbled headlong to the floor:
But him the angels on their feathers caught,
And to a lofty mountain ſwiftly bore;

Whoſe

Whoſe ſnowy ſhoulders, like ſome chalky ſhore,
Reſtleſs *Olympus* ſeem'd to reſt upon,
With all his ſwimming globes:—ſo both are gone,
The *Dragon* with the LAMB.—Ah, unmeet paragon!

XXXV.

All ſuddenly the hill his ſnow devours;
Inſtead of which a goodly garden grew[p],
As if the ſnow had melted into flow'rs;
Which their ſweet breath in ſubtil vapours threw,
That all around perfumed ſpirits flew:
For whatſoever might aggrate the ſenſe
In all the world, or pleaſe the appetence,
Here it was poured out in laviſh affluence.

XXXVI.

Not lovely *Ida* might with this compare,
Tho' with his ſtreams his banks were ſilvered;
Tho' *Xanthus* with his golden ſands he bear;
Nor *Hibla*, tho' his thyme when gathered,
As faſt again with honey bloſſomed;
Nor *Rhodophe*, nor *Tempe*'s flow'ry plain;
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
Tho' *Plato* on his beds a flood of praiſe did rain.

XXXVII.

For in all theſe, ſome one thing moſt wou'd grow;
But in this one, grew all things elſe beſide,
For ſweet variety herſelf did throw
On every bank; here, all the ground ſhe dy'd
In lily white; there, pinks were ſpread ſo wide,
They damaſk'd all the earth; and here, ſhe ſhed
Blue violets; and there, came roſes red;
And every ſight the yielding ſenſe, as captive led.

[p] *Satan* tempts Chriſt by *Vain Glory*; poetically deſcribed from the place where her court ſtood, a garden.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

The garden like a lady fair, was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of heav'n, in semblance right,
Was a large circle, set with flow'rs of light;
The *Flower-de-luce*, and the bright drops of dew
That hung upon the azure leaves, all shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the heav'ns so blue.

XXXIX.

Upon a lofty bank her head she cast,
On which was built the bow'r of *Vain Delight*;
White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
And for her tresses, marigolds so bright;
Which broadly she display'd, t'attract the sight,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd;
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
That with green fillets, in their pretty cauls were bound.

XL.

What shou'd I here depict her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand;
Or how her gown with silken leaves is dress;
Or how her watchman, arm'd with branchy crest,
A wall tho' hidden, in his bushes bears;
Shaking at every wind their leafy spears,
Whilst she supinely sleeps, nor to be waken'd fears?

XLI.

Over the hedge depends the branching elm,
Whose greener head empurpled was with wine,
That seem'd to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine;

Lest

Leſt they, perhaps, his ſtrength ſhou'd undermine;
For well he knew ſuch fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And with her ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

XLII.

Under the ſhadow of theſe drunken elms
A fountain roſe, where *Pangloretta* uſes
(When her ſome flood of fancy overwhelms,
And one of all her favourites ſhe chuſes)
To bathe herſelf, whom ſhe in luſt abuſes,
And from his wanton body draws his ſoul;
Which drown'd in pleaſure, in that juicy bowl,
And ſwimming in delight, doth amorouſly roll.

XLIII.

And all about, embayed in ſoft ſleep,
Upon the floor a herd of beaſts were ſpread;
Which ſhe ſecure in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered.
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beaſts; ſo fabled *Homer* old,
That *Circe* with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Was wont men's ſouls in beaſtly bodies to infold.

XLIV.

Thro' this falſe *Eden* to his *Leman's*[q] bow'r[r]
(Which thouſand ſouls devoutly idolize)
The firſt *Deſtroyer* led our SAVIOUR.
There in the lower room in ſolemn guiſe
They danc'd around, and pour'd their ſacrifice
To plump *Lyæus*[s]; and amongſt the reſt,
The jolly prieſt, in ivy garlands dreſt,
Chanted their *Orgies* wild in honour of the feaſt.

[q] A harlot or concubine.
[r] Further deſcribed, from her court and courtiers.
[s] A ſurname of *Bacchus*.

XLV.

Others[s] within their arbours drinking fat,
(For all the room about was arboured)
With laughing *Bacchus*, who was grown ſo fat,
That ſtand he could not, but was carried;
And every evening freſhly watered
To quench his fiery cheeks; and all about
Small pipes broke through the wall, and poured out
Flaggons of wine, to ſet on fire that ſwilling rout.

XLVI.

This their imbruted ſouls eſteem'd their wealth,
To crown the bouſing can from day to night;
And ſick they drink themſelves, with drinking health:
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence, to a loft[u], carv'd all in ivory white
They came, where many wanton ladies went;
Melted in pleaſure, and ſoft languiſhment,
And ſunk in beds of roſes, amorous glances ſent.

XLVII.

Fly, fly thou HOLY CHILD! that wanton room;
And thou my chaſter muſe, thoſe harlots ſhun;
And with HIM to a higher ſtory come[w],
Where gold and ſilver to vaſt heaps are grown:
The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
Starve in their ſtore, and 'midſt their plenty pine;
Rolling themſelves upon their golden mine;
Glutting their famiſh'd ſouls with the deceitful ſhine.

XLVIII.

Ah! who was he ſuch precious perils found?
How ſtrongly nature did her treaſures hide;
And caſt upon them mountains of thick ground
Dark'ning their orey luſtre:—but ſince pride

[s] 1ſt, *Pleaſure-in-drinking.* [u] 2d, *Luxury.* [w], 3d *Avarice.*

Hath

Hath taught her ſons to wound their mother's ſide;
And gauge the deep, to ſearch for glitt'ring ſhells,
In whoſe bright boſom ſpumy *Bacchus* ſwells;
Not either heav'n, or earth, henceforth in ſafety dwells.

XLIX.

O ſacred hunger of the greedy eye!
Whoſe need hath end, but no end, *Avarice*;
Empty in fulneſs, rich in poverty,
That having all things, nothing can ſuffice:
How thou the fancy tak'ſt of men moſt wiſe!
The poor man wou'd be rich; the rich man great;
The great man king; the king in God's own ſeat
Enthron'd, with mortal arm, dares flames and thunder threat.

L.

Therefore above the reſt, *Ambition* ſat[x];
Whoſe court with ſhining pearl around was wall'd;
And there upon the wall in chairs of ſtate,
And moſt majeſtic ſplendour were inſtall'd
A hundred kings, whoſe temples were empal'd
In golden diadems, ſet here and there
With diamonds, and gems that num'rous were;
And with their ſplendid ſceptres, gorgeouſly appear.

LI.

High over all *Panglory*'s blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of cryſtal wrought,
Like *Phœbus*' lamp in midſt of heav'n ſhone:
Whoſe ſtarry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught:
In which her image ſtill reflected was
By the ſmooth cryſtal, which like her own glaſs,
In beauty and in frailty, did all others paſs.

[x] 4th, *Ambitious honour.*

LII.

A ſilver wand the *Sorcereſs* did ſway,
And for a crown of gold, her hair ſhe wore;
Only a garland of roſebuds did play
About her locks; and in her hand ſhe bore
A hollow globe of glaſs, which long before
With her own hands ſhe wholly emptied;
And all the world therein had pictured;
Whoſe colours, like the rainbow, ever vaniſhed.

LIII.

Such wat'ry images young boys do blow
Out from ſome ſlender tube, and much admire
The ſwimming world; which tenderly they row
With eaſy breath, till it be waved high'r;
But if they chance too roughly to reſpire,
The painted bubble inſtantly doth fall.
Here when HE came, ſhe did for muſic call,
And ſung this wooing ſong to welcome him withal.

'Tis *Love*[y] that makes the heav'ns to move;
And the ſun doth burn in *Love*.
Love the ſtrong and weak doth yoke;
And makes the ivy climb the oak:
Under whoſe ſhadow lions wild,
Soften'd by *Love*, grow tame and mild.
Love no med'cine can appeaſe;
He burns the fiſhes in the ſeas:
Not the moſt ſkill'd his wounds can ſtench;
Not all the ſea his fire can quench.
Love did make the bloody ſpear,
Once a leafy coat to wear;
Whilſt in his leaves there ſhrouded lay
Sweet birds, for *Love*, that ſing and play:

[y] From her temptation.

And

And of all *Love*'s joyful flame,
I the bud and bloſſom am.
Only bend thy knee to me;
Thy wooing ſhall thy winning be.

VI.

See, ſee the flow'rs that below,
Now as freſh as morning blow;
And of all, the virgin roſe
Like to bright *Aurora* ſhows;
How they all do leafleſs die,
Loſing their virginity:
Like unto a ſummer's ſhade,
But now born, and now they fade.
Every thing doth paſs away,
There is danger in delay.
Come, come, gather then the roſe,
Gather it, or it you loſe.
All the ſand of *Tagus* ſhore,
Into my boſom caſts his ore.
All the valleys ripen'd corn,
To my houſe is yearly borne.
Every grape of every vine,
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine.
Whilſt ten thouſand kings, as proud
To carry up my train, have bow'd:
And the ſtars in heav'n that ſhine,
With ten thouſand more are mine.

LIV.

Thus ſought the dire *Enchantreſs* in HIS mind,
Her guileful baits to have emboſomed;
But HE her charms diſperſed into wind,
And her of inſolence admoniſhed;

And

And all her optic glaſſes ſhattered:
So with her *Sire*, to hell ſhe took her flight *,
(The ſtarting air flew from the damned ſpright)
Where deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themſelves in night.

LV.

But, to their LORD, now muſing in his thought,
A heav'nly hoſt of ſwifteſt angels flew;
And from his FATHER, him a banquet brought
Thro' the fine element; for well they knew,
After ſo long a faſt, he hungry grew;
And, as he fed, the holy choirs agree
To ſing a hymn of the CELESTIAL THREE!
Which by the heart of man cou'd ne'er conceived be.

LVI.

The birds, ſweet notes, to ſonnet out their joys,
Attemper'd to the lays angelical;
And to the birds, the winds attune their noiſe;
And to the winds, the waters ſoftly call;
And *Echo* back again returned all,
That the whole valley rung with VICTORY!
But now our LORD to reſt doth homewards fly:
For lo, the night comes haſt'ning from the mountains high.

* The effect of this victory on *Satan*.

END OF PART II.

PART III.

CHRIST's TRIUMPH

OVER DEATH.

I.

SO down the ſilver ſtreams of *Eridan*[a],
On either ſide bank'd with a lily wall,
Whiter than both, rides the triumphant ſwan,
And ſings his dirge, and propheſies his fall,
Diving unto his wat'ry funeral:
But *Eridan* to *Cedron*[b], muſt ſubmit
His flow'ry ſhore; nor can he envy it,
If when *Apollo* ſings, his ſwans all ſilent ſit.

II.

That HEAV'NLY VOICE[c] I more delight to hear,
Than gentle airs to breathe; or ſwelling waves
Againſt the ſounding rocks their boſoms tear;
Or whiſtling reeds, that *Jordan*'s river laves,
And with their verdure his white head embraves;
To chide the winds; or roving bees, that fly
About the laughing blooms of ſallowy,
Rocking aſleep the lazy drones that thereon lie.

[a] A celebrated river in Italy.

[b] A brook between Jeruſalem and Mount Olivet. John xviii. 1.

[c] Chriſt's triumph over death on the croſs, expreſſed firſt in general by his joy to undergo it; ſinging before he went to the garden, Matth xxvi. 30.

III.

III.

And yet, how can I hear THEE ſinging go,
When men incens'd with hate, thy death do threat?
Or elſe why do I hear thee ſighing ſo,
When thou, inflam'd with love, their life doſt get?
That love and hate, and ſighs and ſongs are met;
But thus, and only thus thy love did crave,
To ſend thee ſinging for us to thy grave,
Whilſt *we* ſought thee to kill, and THOU ſought'ſt us to ſave.

IV.

When I remember CHRIST our burden bears[d],
I look for glory,—and find miſery;
I look for joy,—and find a ſea of tears;
I look that we ſhould live,—and ſee him die;
I look for angels ſongs,—and hear him cry:
Thus what I ſeek, I cannot find ſo well;
Or rather, what I find, I cannot tell;
Theſe banks ſo narrow are, thoſe ſtreams ſo high do ſwell.

V.

CHRIST ſuffers,—and in this, his tears begin;
Suffers for us,—and joy on us beſtows;
Suffers to death,—here is his manhood ſeen;
Suffers to riſe,—and hence his Godhead ſhows:
For man that cou'd not by himſelf have roſe
Out of the grave, doth by the Godhead riſe;
And God, that cou'd not die, in manhood dies,
That we in both might live, by that ſweet ſacrifice.

VI.

Go giddy brains, whoſe wits are thought ſo freſh;
Pluck all the flow'rs that nature forth doth throw;
Go ſtick them on the cheeks of wanton fleſh;
Poor idol! (forc'd at once to fall and grow)

[d] Secondly, by his grief in undergoing it.

Of

Of fading roſes, and of melting ſnow:
Your ſongs exceed your matter;—this of mine,
The matter which it ſings, ſhall make divine;
As ſtars dull puddles gild, in which their beauties ſhine.

VII.

Who[e] doth not ſee drown'd in *Deucalion*'s name,
(When earth his men, and ſea had loſt his ſhore)
Old *Noah*? and in *Niſus* lock, the fame
Of *Sampſon* yet alive; and long before
In *Phaetons*, mine own fall I deplore:
But he that conquer'd hell, to fetch again
His virgin widow by a *Serpent* ſlain,
Another *Orpheus* was, than dreaming poets feign:

VIII.

THAT taught the hardeſt ſtones to melt for paſſion,
And dormant ſea, to hear him, ſilent lie;
And at his voice, ſee how the wat'ry nation
All crowd, as if they deem'd it cheap, to buy
With their own deaths his ſacred harmony:
The while the waves ſtood ſtill to hear his ſong,
And ſteady ſhore wav'd with the reeling throng
Of thirſty ſouls, that hung upon his fluent tongue.

IX.

What better friendſhip[f], than to cover ſhame?
What greater love, than for a friend to die?
Yet this is better, to aſſume the blame;
And this is greater, for an enemy:
But more than this, to die not ſuddenly,
Not with ſome common death, with little pain;
But ſlowly, and with torments to be ſlain:
O wondrous LOVE! which to unfold, all words are vain.

[e] By the obſcure fables of the Gentiles typifying it.
[f] By the cauſe of it in him, his love.

X.

And yet the SON is humbled for the ſlave,
  And yet the ſlave is proud before the SON:
Yet the CREATOR for his creature gave
  Himſelf, and yet the creature haſtes to run
  From his CREATOR, and ſelf-good doth ſhun:
    And yet the PRINCE, and GOD himſelf doth cry
    To man his traitor, *pardon, not to fly*;
Yet doth the traitor man, his GOD and PRINCE defy.

XI.

Who is it ſees not[g], that he nothing is,
  But he that nothing ſees? What weaker breaſt,
Since *Adam*'s armour fail'd, dares warrant his?
  Who, made by God, of all his creatures beſt,
  Straight made himſelf the worſt of all the reſt:
    If any ſtrength we have, it is to ill;
    But all the good is God's, both pow'r and will:
The dead man cannot riſe, tho' he himſelf may kill.

XII.

A tree was firſt the inſtrument of ſtrife[h],
  Where *Eve* to ſin her ſoul did proſtitute;
A tree is now the inſtrument of life,
  Tho' ill that trunk, and CHRIST's fair body ſuit;
  Ah, curſed tree! and yet, oh bleſſed fruit!
    That death to HIM, *this* life to us doth give;
    Strange is the cure, when things paſt cure revive,
And the *Phyſician* dies to make his *Patient* live.

XIII.

Sweet *Eden* was the arbour of delight;
  Yet in his honey flow'rs our poiſon blew:
Sad *Gethſemane*'s[i] the bow'r of baneful night;
  Where CHRIST a health from poiſon for us drew:

[g] By the effect it ſhould have on us.
[h] By the inſtrument, the tree of knowledge, &c.
[i] Expreſſed in particular by his ſore paſſion in the garden.

Yea,

Yea, all our honey in that poiſon grew:
So we from ſweeteſt flow'rs cou'd draw our bane;
And CHRIST from bitter venom cou'd again
Extract life out of death, and pleaſure out of pain.

XIV.

A man was firſt the author of our fall;
A MAN is now the author of our riſe;
A garden was the place we periſh'd all;
A garden is the place HE pays our price;
And the old *Serpent* with a new device,
Hath found a way, himſelf for to beguile:
So he that all men tangled in his wile,
Is now by one MAN caught, beguil'd with his own guile.

XV.

The dewy night had with her froſty ſhade
So mantled all the earth, that the ſtiff ground
Sparkled in ice; only the LORD, that made
All for himſelf, himſelf diſſolved found;
Sweat without heat, and blood without a wound:
Of heav'n and earth, and God, and man forſook;
Thrice begging help of thoſe whoſe ſins he took;
And thrice deny'd of one[k];—whoſe treatment he did brook.

XVI.

Yet had he been alone of God forſaken,
Or had his body been embroil'd alone
In fierce aſſault; he might, perhaps, have taken
Some joy in ſoul, when all joy elſe was gone;
But that with God, to higheſt heav'n is flown:
And hell itſelf out from her grave doth riſe,
Black as the ſtarleſs night;—and with them flies,
Yet blacker far than both, the ſon of blaſphemies.

[k] The apoſtle Peter.

XVII.

As when the planets with unkind aſpect,
Call from her caves the meagre peſtilence;
The pois'nous vapour, eager to infect,
Obeys the voice of the ſad influence,
And ſpreads abroad a thouſand noxious ſcents;
The fount of life, flaming his golden flood
With the ſick air, fevers the boiling blood,
And poiſons all the body with contagious food.

XVIII.

The bold phyſician, too incautious,
By thoſe he cures, himſelf is murdered;
Kindneſs infects, pity is dangerous;
And the poor infant yet not fully bred,
There, whence he ſhou'd be born, lies buried;
So the dark *Prince*, from his infernal cell,
Caſts up his horrid torturers of hell,
And whets them to revenge, with this inſulting ſpell.

XIX.

See how the world ſmiles in eternal peace;
While we the harmleſs brats, and ruſty throng
Of night, our ſnakes in curls do prank, and dreſs:
Why ſleep our drowſy ſcorpions ſo long?
Where is our wonted virtue to do wrong?
Are we ourſelves; or are we graces grown?
The ſons of hell, or heav'n? 'Twas never known
Our whips ſo uſeleſs were; and brands ſo lifeleſs blown.

XX.

O long-deſir'd! but never hop'd-for hour,
When our tormentor ſhall our torments feel!
Arm, arm yourſelves, ye *Demons* with my pow'r;
And make our judge for pardon to us kneel,

Whilſt

Whilſt we do tear him with our whips of ſteel:
Myſelf in honour of ſo noble prize,
Will pour you reeky blood, ſhed with the cries
Of haſty heirs, who their own fathers ſacrifice.

XXI.

With that a flood of poiſon black as hell,
Out from his filthy gorge, the beaſt did ſpew,
That all about HIS bleſſed body fell;
And thouſand flaming *Serpents* hiſſing flew
About his ſoul, and helliſh ſulphur threw;
And every one brandiſh'd his fiery tongue,
And round about him violently clung;
But he their ſtings tore out, and to the ground them flung.

XXII.

So have I ſeen a rock's heroick breaſt,
Againſt proud *Neptune*, that his ruin threats,
When all his waves he hath to battle preſt,
(And with a thouſand ſwelling billows beats
The ſtubborn ſtone, and foams, and chafes, and frets,
To heave him from his root) their force withſtand;
And tho' in heaps the threat'ning ſurges band,
Yet broken they retire, and waſh the yielding ſtrand.

XXIII.

So may we oft a tender father ſee,
To pleaſe his wanton ſon, his only joy,
Coaſt all about, to catch the roving bee;
And ſtung himſelf, his buſy hands employ
To ſave the honey for the gameſome boy:
Or from the ſnake her ra. 'rous teeth eraſe,
Making his child the toothleſs ſerpent chace,
Or with his little hands her ſwelling creſt embrace.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Thus CHRIST himſelf to watch and ſorrow gives,
While dew'd in eaſy ſleep dead *Peter* lies;
Thus man in his own grave ſecurely lives,
While CHRIST alive with thouſand horrors dies;
Yet he for *ours*, not *his* own pardon cries:
No ſins he had, yet all our ſins he bear;
So much doth God for others evils care,
And yet ſo careleſs men for their own evils are.

XXV.

See[l] drowſy *Peter*, ſee where *Judas* wakes;
Where *Judas* kiſſes him whom *Peter* flies;
O kiſs, more deadly than the ſting of ſnakes!
Falſe love, more hurtful than true injuries!
Ah me! how dearly God his ſervant buys!
For God his man at his own blood doth hold;
And man his God for thirty pence hath ſold:
So tin for ſilver goes, and dunghill droſs for gold.

XXVI.

Yet was it not enough for ſin to chuſe
A ſervant to betray his LORD to them;
But that a ſubject muſt his king accuſe;
But that a *Pagan* muſt his God condemn;
But that a FATHER muſt his SON contemn;
But that the SON muſt his own death deſire;
That prince, and people, ſervant, and the SIRE,
Gentile and *Jew*, and HE againſt himſelf conſpire?

XXVII.

Was this the oil[m], to make thy ſaints adore thee,
The frothy ſpittle of the raſcal throng?
Are theſe the trophies that are borne before thee,
Baſe whips of cord, and knotted all along?

[l] By his paſſion itſelf, amplified from the general cauſes.
[m] Parts and effects of it.

Is

Is this thy golden ſceptre againſt wrong,
A reedy cane?—Is that the crown adorns
Thy ſhining locks, a crown of ſharpeſt thorns?
Are theſe the angels hymns, the prieſts blaſphemous ſcorns?

XXVIII.

Who ever ſaw honour before aſham'd;
Inſulted majeſty; debaſed height;
Innocence guilty; honeſty defam'd;
Liberty bound; health ſick; the ſun in night?
But ſince ſuch wrong was offer'd unto right,
Our night is day, our ſickneſs health is grown;
Our ſhame is hid;—this now remains alone
For us, ſince HE was ours, that we be not our own.

XXIX.

Night was ordain'd for reſt[n], and not for pain;
But they, to pain their LORD, their reſt contemn;
Good laws to ſave, what bad men wou'd have ſlain,
And not bad judges; with one breath by them
The innocent to pardon, and condemn:
Death for revenge of murderers, not decay
Of guiltleſs blood;—but now, all headlong ſway
Man's murderer to ſave, man's SAVIOUR for to ſlay.

XXX.

Frail multitude, whoſe law, is as you liſt;
Whoſe beſt applauſe is windy flattering;
Moſt like the breath of which it doth conſiſt,
No ſooner blown, but as ſoon vaniſhing,
As much deſir'd, as little profiting;
Which makes the men who have it, oft as light
As thoſe who give it; which the proud invite,
And fear:—the bad man's friend;—the good man's hypocrite.

[n] From the particular cauſes.

XXXI.

XXXI.

It was but now their ſounding clamours ſung,
Bleſſed is he that comes from the Moſt High!
And all the mountains with hoſannas rung;
But now, *Away with him, away, they cry!*
And nothing can be hear'd but, *Crucify:*
It was but now, the crown itſelf they ſave,
And pow'rful name of King unto him gave;
And now, no King, but only *Cæſar*, they will have.

XXXII.

It was but now, they gather'd blooming *May*;
And of his arms depriv'd the branchy tree,
To ſtrew with boughs, and bloſſoms, all thy way;
But now the branchleſs trunk's a croſs for thee;
And of ſharp thorns thy coronet muſt be:
It was but now, they did with kindneſs throw
Their own beſt garments, where thy feet ſhou'd go;
And now, thyſelf they ſtrip, and bleeding wounds do ſhow.

XXXIII.

See where the Author of all life is dying:
O fearful day! HE dead, what hope of living?
See where the hopes of all our lives are buying;
O cheerful day! they bought, what fear of grieving?
Love now for hate, and death for life is giving:
Lo! how his arms are ſtretch'd abroad to grace thee;
And, as they open ſtand, call to embrace thee,
Why ſtay'ſt thou then my ſoul; O fly! fly thither, haſte thee.

XXXIV.

His tender back, with bloody whips they gore;
His radiant head, with pungent thorns doth ſmart;
His hands and feet, with rugged nails they bore;
And with a ſpear they pierce his ſide and heart:

And

And to afflict his grieved ſoul the more,
Rejoiced at his pains, and made their game;
His naked body too, expos'd to ſhame,
That all might come to ſee, and all might ſee who came.

XXXV.

Whereat [o] the heav'n put out his guilty eye,
That durſt behold ſo execrable ſight;
And cover'd all with black the vaulted ſky;
And the pale ſtars ſtruck with unwonted fright,
Quenched their everlaſting lamps in night:
And at his birth, as all the ſtars heav'n had,
Were not enough, but a new ſtar was made;
So now both new, and old, and all away did fade.

XXXVI.

Th' amazed [p] angels ſhook their fiery wings,
Ready to lighten vengeance from God's throne;
One, down his eyes upon the manhood flings;
Another, gazes on the Godhead; none,
But ſurely thought, his wits were not his own:
Some flew, to look if it were very HE;
But when God's arm, unarmed they did ſee,
Altho' they ſaw it was, they thought it cou'd not be.

XXXVII.

The [q] ſadden'd air hung all in cheerleſs black,
Through which the gentle winds ſoft ſighing flew;
Jordan did into ſuch vaſt ſorrows break,
(As if his holy ſtream no meaſure knew)
That all his narrow banks he overthrew;
The trembling earth with horror inly ſhook;
And ſtubborn ſtones, ſuch grief unus'd to brook,
Soon burſt; and ghoſts awaking, from their graves did look.

[o] The effects of it in the heavens. [p] In the heavenly ſpirits.
[q] In the inanimate creatures.

XXXVIII.

The wiſe *Philoſopher*[r] cry'd, all aghaſt!
The God of nature ſurely languiſhed;
The ſad *Centurion* cried out as faſt,
The Son of God! the Son of God was dead!
The wicked *Jew* hung down his penſive head,
And homewards hied; and ever, as he went,
He ſmote his breaſt, half deſperately bent:
The very woods, and beaſts, all ſeem his death lament.

XXXIX.

The graceleſs *Traitor*[s] round about did look;
(He look'd not long, the Devil quickly met him)
To find a halter, which he found, and took;
Only a gibbet now he needs muſt get him,
So on a wither'd tree he fairly ſet him,
And help'd to fit the rope, and in his thought,
A thouſand *Furies*, with their whips, he brought;
So there he ſtands, ready to hell to make his vault.

XL.

For him a waking blood-hound, yelling loud,
(That in his boſom long had ſleeping laid,
A guilty conſcience, barking after blood)
Purſued eagerly, nor ever ſtay'd,
Till the betrayer's ſelf it had betray'd;
Oft chang'd he place, in hope away to wind;
But change of place cou'd never change his mind;
Himſelf he flies to loſe, and follows but to find.

XLI.

There are but two ways for this foul to have,
When parting from the body; forth it ſprings,
To fly to heav'n, or fall into the grave,
Where whips of ſcorpions, with their painful ſtings,

[r] *Dionyſius*, who being then at *Athens*, far diſtant from *Jeruſalem*, is reported to have thus cried out. [s] Judas.

Torture

Torture the howling ghoſts; whoſe loud wailings,
Are ceaſeleſs heard within this cave of night;
Where flames do burn, and yet no ſpark of light;
And fire torments, but not deſtroys the damned ſpright.

XLII.

There lies the captive ſoul, aye ſighing ſore,
Reck'ning a thouſand years ſince her firſt bands;
Yet ſtays not there, but adds a thouſand more,
And at another thouſand never ſtands,
But tells to them the ſtars, and heaps the ſands;
And now the ſtars are told, and ſands are run,
And all thoſe thouſand thouſand myriads done,
And yet, but now, alas! but now, all is begun.

XLIII.

With that a flaming brand a *Fury* catcht,
And ſhook, and toſt it round in his wild thought;
So from his heart all joy, all comfort ſnatcht,
With every ſtar of hope, while *Judas* ſought,
(With preſent fear, and future grief diſtraught[1])
To fly from his own heart; and aid implore
Of HIM, the more he gives, that hath the more;
Whoſe ſtorehouſe is the heav'ns, too little for HIS ſtore.

XLIV.

Stay wretch on earth! cry'd *Satan*, reſtleſs reſt;
Know'ſt thou not juſtice lives in heav'n; or can
The worſt of creatures live amongſt the beſt;
Amongſt the bleſſed angels curſed man?
Will *Judas* now become a Chriſtian?
Whither will hope's long wings tranſport thy mind;
Or can'ſt thou not thyſelf a ſinner find;
Or cruel to thyſelf, wou'dſt thou have MERCY kind?

[1] i. e. diſtracted.

XLV.

He gave thee life:—why ſhou'dſt thou ſeek to ſlay him?
He lent thee wealth:—what, for thy avarice?
He call'd thee friend:—what, that thou ſhouldſt betray him?
He kiſs'd thee, tho' he knew his life the price.
He waſh'd thy feet:—ſhou'dſt thou his ſacrifice?
He gave thee bread, and wine, his body, blood;
And at thy heart to enter in, he ſtood;
But I, then enter'd in, and all my *Snaky* brood.

XLVI.

Such horrid *Gorgons*, and miſhapen forms
Of damned *Fiends*, poſſeſſed all his heart;
That now, unable to endure their ſtorms,
Fly, fly, he cries, thyſelf, whate'er thou art;
Hell doth already burn in every part.
Thus into his *Tormentor*'s arms he fell,
That ready ſtood his funeral to knell,
And in a cloud of night, to waft him quick to hell.

XLVII.

Yet oft he ſnatch'd, and ſtarted as he hung:
So when the ſenſes half enſlumber'd lie,
The headlong body, ready to be flung
By the deluding fancy, from ſome high
And craggy rock, recovers greedily,
And claſps the yielding pillow, half aſleep;
And as from heav'n it tumbled to the deep,
Feels a cold ſweat through ev'ry trembling member creep.

XLVIII.

There let him hang, embowel'd in his blood;
There let not any gentle ſhepherd feed
His harmleſs flock; nor ever heav'nly flood
Fall on the curſed ground; nor wholeſome ſeed,

That

That may the leaſt delight or pleaſure breed:
Let no ſweet flow'rs adorn his habitation;
But noxious weeds, and all that cauſe vexation,
With thorns and briers grow; ſad ſigns of deſolation.

XLIX.

There let the dragon make his dread abode;
And putrid carcaſes be thrown avaunt;
There may the ſcreech-owl dwell, and loathſome toad;
Fawns, ſylvans, and deformed ſatyrs chant;
And ever let ſome reſtleſs ſpirit haunt,
With hollow ſound, and clanking chains, to ſcare
The paſſenger, and eyes, like to the ſtar
That ſparkles in the creſt of angry *Mars* afar.

L.

But let the bleſſed dews for ever ſhow'r
Upon that ground, in whoſe fair fields I ſpy
The bloody enſign of our SAVIOUR:
Strange conqueſt, where the conqueror muſt die,
And he is ſlain, who wins the victory:
But HE[a], who living, had no proper room,
Now had no grave, but *Joſeph* gives his tomb:
Ye ſaints then hither haſte; with ſpice the place perfume.

LI.

And ye glad ſpirits, that now fainted ſit
On your celeſtial thrones in glory dreſt;
Tho' I your tears recount, O let not it
With after-ſorrow wound your tender breaſt!
Or with new grief diſquiet your ſoft reſt:
Enough for me your plaints to ſound again,
That never cou'd myſelf enough complain;
Sing then, O ſing aloud, thou *Arimathean* ſwain!

[a] In the bleſſed ſaints, Joſeph, &c.

LII.

LII.

So long he ſtood, in his faint arms upholding
The faireſt ſpoil heav'n ever forfeited,
With ſuch a ſilent paſſion grief unfolding;
That had the ſheet but on himſelf been ſpread,
He for the corpſe might have been buried.
And with him was the ſaved happy *Thief*
(Who ſeem'd of mercy's miracles the chief):
Whilſt for their LORD, ſat holy *Marys* drown'd in grief.

LIII.

At length (kiſſing his lips, before he ſpake,
As if from thence he fetch'd again his ghoſt)
To *Mary* thus, with tears, his ſilence break:
Ah woful ſoul! what joy in all our coaſt,
When him we hold, we have already loſt?
Once didſt thou loſe thy SON, but found'ſt again;
Now find'ſt thy SON, but find'ſt him loſt, and ſlain:
Ah me! though HE cou'd death, how canſt *thou* life ſuſtain!

LIV.

Where'er dear LORD, thy ſhadow hovereth,
Bleſſing the place wherein it deigns t'abide;
Look how the earth dark horror covereth,
Clothing in mournful black her naked ſide;
Willing her ſhadow up to heav'n to glide,
To ſeek, if it may meet thee wand'ring there;
That ſo, if now herſelf muſt miſs thee here,
At leaſt her ſhadow may her duty to thee bear.

LV.

See how the ſun in day-time clouds his face;
And lagging *Veſper*, looſing his late team,
Forgets in heav'n to run his nightly race,
But, ſleeping on bright *Oeta*'s top, doth dream

The

The world a *Chaos* is; no joyful beam
Looks from his ſtarry bow'r; the heav'ns do moan;
And trees drop tears, leſt we ſhou'd grieve alone;
The winds have learnt to ſigh, and waters hoarſely groan.

LVI.

And ye ſweet flow'rs, that in this garden grow,
Whoſe happy ſtates a thouſand ſouls envy;
Did ye your own felicities but know,
Yourſelves unpluck'd wou'd to his funeral hie;
Ye never cou'd in better ſeaſon die:
O that I might into your places glide!
The gate of heav'n ſtands open in his ſide;
Therein my ſoul ſhou'd run, and all her faults ſhou'd hide.

LVII.

Are theſe the eyes, that made all others blind;
Ah! why are they themſelves now blemiſhed?
Is this the face, in which all beauty ſhin'd?
What blaſt hath thus his flow'rs ſo withered?
Are theſe the feet, that on the wat'ry head
Of the unfaithful ocean, paſſage found;
Why go they now ſo lowly under ground;
Waſht with our worthleſs tears, and their own precious wound?

LVIII.

One hem but of the garment that he wore,
Cou'd quickly heal whole countries of their pain;
One touch of this pale hand cou'd life reſtore;
One word from theſe cold lips revive the ſlain:
Well the blind man thy Godhead might maintain:
What tho' the ſullen *Phariſees* repin'd?
He that ſhou'd both compare, at length wou'd find,
The *Blind Man* only ſaw, the *Seers* all were blind.

LIX.

LIX.

Why ſhou'd they think thee worthy to be ſlain?
Was it becauſe thou gav'ſt their blind men eyes;
Or that thou mad'ſt their lame to walk again;
Or that thou heal'dſt their ſick mens maladies;
Or mad'ſt their dumb to ſpeak; and dead to riſe?
O cou'd all theſe but any grace have won!
What wou'd they not to ſave thy life have done?
The dumb man wou'd have ſpoke, and lame man wou'd have run.

LX.

Let me, O let me near ſome fountain lie!
That through the rock lifts up its foamy head;
Or let me dwell upon ſome mountain high,
Whoſe hollow root, and baſer parts are ſpread
On fleeting waters, in his bowels bred,
That I their ſtreams, and they my tears may feed;
Or clothed in ſome hermit's ragged weed,
Spend all my days, in weeping for this curſed deed.

LXI.

The life, the which I once did love, I leave;
The love, in which I once did live, I loath;
I hate the light, that did my light bereave;
Both love, and life, I do deſpiſe you both;
O that one grave might both your aſhes clothe!
A love, a life, a light I now obtain,
Able to make my age grow young again,
Able to ſave the ſick, and to revive the ſlain.

LXII.

Thus ſpend we tears, that never can be ſpent,
On him, that ſorrow never more ſhall ſee:
Thus ſend we ſighs, that never can be ſent,
To him that died to live, and wou'd not be,

To be there where he wou'd.——Here bury we
This heav'nly earth, here let it ſoftly ſleep,
The faireſt SHEPHERD of the faireſt *Sheep*.
So all the body kiſs'd, and homewards went to weep.

LXIII.

So home their bodies went, to ſeek repoſe,
But at the grave they left their ſouls behind;
O who the force of love celeſtial knows!
That can the chains of nature's ſelf unbind,
Sending the body home, without the mind.
Ah, bleſſed *Virgin!* what high angel's art
Can ever count thy tears, or ſing thy ſmart,
When every nail that pierced him, did pierce thy heart?

LXIV.

So *Philomel*[w], perch'd on an aſpen ſprig,
Weeps all the night her loſt virginity;
And ſings her ſad tale to the liſt'ning twig,
That dances at ſuch joyful miſery:
Nor ever lets ſweet reſt invade her eye,
But leaning on a thorn her dainty cheſt,
For fear ſoft ſleep ſhou'd ſteal into her breaſt,
Expreſſes in her ſong, grief not to be expreſt.

LXV.

So when the *Lark*, poor bird! afar eſpys
Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to ſave
She ſtrives in vain) ſlain by the fatal ſithes;
Which from the meadow the green graſs doth ſhave;
That their warm neſt is now become their grave:
The woful mother up to heaven ſprings,
And all about her plaintive notes ſhe flings;
And their untimely fate, moſt pitifully ſings.

[w] The nightingale.

END OF PART III.

PART IV.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPH

AFTER DEATH.

I.

BUT [a] now the ſecond morning, from her bow'r,
Began to gliſten with her beams; and now
The roſes of the day began to flow'r
In th' eaſtern garden; for heav'ns ſmiling brow
Half inſolent for joy began to ſhow:
The early ſun came lively dancing out,
And the glad lambs ran merrily about;
That heav'n and earth appear'd in triumph both to ſhout.

II.

The gladden'd ſpring, forgetful now to weep,
Began to blazon from her leafy bed;
The waking ſwallow broke her half year's ſleep;
And every buſh was deeply coloured
With violets:—the wood's late wintry head,
Wide flaming primroſes, ſet all on fire;
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whoſe infant leaves the joyous birds do quire.

[a] Chriſt's triumph after death: 1ſt, in his reſurreſtion, manifeſted by the effects of it in the creatures.

III.

Say earth, why haſt thou gotten new attire,
And ſtick'ſt thy garment full of daiſies red?
As if to ſome high thought thou didſt aſpire,
And ſome new found out bridegroom meant'ſt to wed;
Tell me ye trees ſo freſh apparelled,
(Nor ever may the ſpiteful canker waſte you;
Nor ever may the heav'ns with lightning blaſt you)
Why go you now ſo neatly dreſs'd, or whither haſte you?

IV.

Anſwer me *Jordan*, why thy crooked tide,
So often wanders from his neareſt way;
As tho' ſome other way thy ſtream wou'd glide,
And fain ſalute the place where ſomething lay?
And you ſweet birds, ſcreen'd from the heat of day,
Sit carolling, and piping grief away,
The while the lambs to hear you, dance and play;
Tell me ſweet birds, what is it you ſo fain wou'd ſay?

V.

And thou fair ſpouſe of earth, that every year
Get'ſt ſuch a num'rous iſſue of thy bride,
How com'ſt thou hotter ſhin'ſt, and draw'ſt more near?
Sure thou ſomewhere, ſome worthy ſight haſt ſpy'd,
That in one place for joy thou can't abide:
And you dead ſwallows that ſo ſwiftly now,
Thro' the thin air your winged paſſage row,
How cou'd new life into your frozen bodies flow?

VI.

Ye primroſes, and purple violets,
Tell me, why blaze ye from your leafy bed,
And woo men's hands to pluck you from your ſets,
As tho' ſomewhere you wou'd be carried,

With

With freſh perfumes, and velvets garniſhed?
But ah, I need not aſk, 'tis ſurely ſo,
You all wou'd to the SAVIOUR's triumph go,
There wou'd ye all await, and humble homage do.

VII.

There ſhou'd the earth herſelf with garlands new,
And lovely flow'rs embelliſhed adore;
Such roſes never in her garland grew;
Such lilies never in her breaſt ſhe wore;
Like beauty never yet did ſhine before:
There ſhou'd the ſun another SUN behold,
From whence himſelf borrows his locks of gold,
That kindle heav'n and earth, with beauties manifold.

VIII.

There might the violet and primroſe ſweet,
Beams of more lively, and more lovely grace,
Ariſing from their beds of incenſe, meet;
There ſhou'd the ſwallow ſee new life embrace
Dead aſhes; and the grave unvail his face,
To let the living from his bowels creep,
Unable longer his own dead to keep:
There heav'n and earth, ſhou'd ſee their LORD awake from ſleep.

IX.

Their LORD, before by others judg'd to die,
Now Judge of all himſelf; before forſaken
Of all the world, that from his aid did fly,
Now by the ſaints into their armies taken;
Before for an unworthy man miſtaken,
Now worthy to be God confeſt; before
With blaſphemies by all the baſeſt tore;
Now worſhipped by angels, that HIM low adore.

X.

So [b] long HE wander'd in our lower ſphere,
That heav'n began his cloudy ſtars deſpiſe;
Half envious, to ſee on earth appear
A greater LIGHT than flam'd in his own ſkies:
At length it burſt, whence inſtantly there flies
A hoſt of winged angels, ſwift as thought;
That on their beaut'ous feathers, lively caught
This glorious SUN; which to their azure fields they brought.

XI.

The reſt, that yet amazed ſtood below,
With eyes lift up, as greedy to be fed,
And hands upheld, themſelves to ground did throw:
So when the *Trojan Boy* was raviſhed,
As through th' *Idalian* woods they ſay he fled,
His aged guardians ſtood all diſmay'd;
Some leſt he ſhou'd have fallen back afraid;
And ſome made haſty vows; ſome timely prayers ſaid.

XII.

Lift up your heads ye everlaſting gates,
And let the PRINCE *of glory enter in!*
At whoſe high *Pæan* 'mongſt ſideral ſtates,
The ſun did bluſh, the ſtars all dim were ſeen,
When ſpringing firſt from earth, he did begin
To ſoar on angels wings.—*Then open hang*
Your cryſtal doors.—So all the chorus ſang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the ſkies they nimbly ſprang.

XIII.

Hark! how the floods clap their applauding hands;
The pleaſant vallies ſinging for delight;
And lofty mountains [c] dance about the lands;
The while the fields, ſtruck with the heav'nly light,

[b] adly, In his aſcenſion to heaven; whoſe joys are deſcribed.
[c] Pſal. cxiv. 4.

Set

Set all their flow'rs a ſmiling at the ſight;
The trees laugh with their bloſſoms; and the ſound
Of the triumphant ſhouts of praiſe, that crown'd
The LAMB of God! riſing to heaven, hath paſſage found.

XIV.

Forth ſprang the ancient *Patriarchs*, all in haſte,
To ſee the pow'rs of hell in triumph led,
And with ſmall ſtars a garland interlac'd
Of olive leaves they bore, to crown HIS head,
That was before with thorns ſo injured:
After them flew the *Prophets*, brightly ſtol'd[a]
In ſhining lawn, with foldings manifold;
Striking their ivory harps, all ſtrung with chords of gold.

XV.

To which the *Saints* victorious carols ſung;
Ten thouſand ſtrike at once, that with the ſound,
The hollow vaults of heav'n for triumph rung:
The *Cherubines* their muſic did confound
With all the reſt, and clapp'd their wings around:
Down from their thrones the *Dominations* flow,
And at his feet their crowns and ſceptres throw;
And all the *Princely Souls* fell on their faces low.

XVI.

Nor can the *Martyrs* wounds ſtay them behind,
But out they ruſh amongſt the heav'nly crowd,
Seeking their heav'n, out of their heav'n to find;
Sounding their ſilver trumpets out ſo loud,
That the ſhrill noiſe broke through the ſtarry cloud:
And all the *Virgin* ſouls in white array,
Came dancing forth, and making joyous play:
So HIM they thus conduct unto the courts of day.

[a] i. e. robed.

XVII.

XVII.

Now him they brought unto the realms of bliſs,
Where never war, nor wounds, await him more;
For in that place abides eternal peace:
Where many ſouls arrived long before,
Whoſe lives were full of troubles great and ſore[e];
But now, eſtranged from all miſery,
As far as heav'n and hell aſunder lie;
And ev'ry joy is crown'd with immortality.

XVIII.

Gaze[f] but upon the houſe, where man doth live,
With flow'rs, and verdure to adorn his way:
Where all the creatures due obedience give;
The winds to ſweep his chambers every day,
And clouds that waſh his rooms; the cieling gay
With glitt'ring ſtars, that night's dark empire brave:
If ſuch an houſe, God to another gave,
How ſhine thoſe ſplendid courts, he for himſelf will have.

XIX.

And if a heavy cloud, opaque as night,
In which the ſun may ſeem embodied,
Depur'd of all its dregs, we ſee ſo white,
Burning in liquid gold his wat'ry head,
Or round with ivory edges ſilvered:
What luſtre ſupereminent will HE
Lighten on thoſe, who ſhall his ſunſhine ſee,
In that all glorious court, in which all glories be.

XX.

If but one ſun with his diffuſive fires,
Can fill the ſtars, and the whole world with light,
And joy, and life, into each heart inſpires;
And every ſaint ſhall ſhine in heav'n as bright

[e] Pſal. lxxi. 20. Rev. vii. 14. [f] The beauty of the place.

As

As doth the ſun in his tranſcendent might;
(As faith may well believe, what truth once ſays[g])
What ſhall ſo many ſuns united rays
But dazzle all the eyes, that now in heav'n we praiſe?

XXI.

Here let my LORD hang up his conq'ring lance,
And bloody armour with late ſlaughter warm;
And looking down on his weak militants,
Behold his ſaints amidſt their hot alarm
Hang all their golden hopes upon his arm;
And in this lower field when ſtraying wide
Through *Satan*'s wiles, who wou'd their ſails miſguide,
Anchor their fleſhly ſhips faſt in his wounded ſide.

XXII.

Here may the band, that now in triumph ſhines,
And who (before they were inveſted thus)
In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds;
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their ſunny tents, and houſes luminous:
All their eternal day in ſongs employing;
Joy is their end, without end of their joying:
While their ALMIGHTY PRINCE, deſtruction is deſtroying.

XXIII.

Full[h], yet without ſatiety, of that
Which whets, and quiets greedy appetite;
Where never ſun aroſe, nor ever ſat;
But one eternal day, and endleſs light,
Gives time to thoſe, whoſe time is infinite;
Speaking with thought, obtaining without fee;
Beholding HIM, whom never eye cou'd ſee,
And magnifying HIM, who cannot greater be.

[g] Matt. xiii. 43. [h] The impletion of the appetite.

XXIV.

How can ſuch joy as this want words to ſpeak?
And yet what words can ſpeak ſuch joy as this?
Far from that world which wou'd their quiet break,
Here the glad ſouls the face of beauty kiſs,
With holy raptures on their ſeats of bliſs;
And drinking *Nectar* torrents, ever hold
Their eyes on HIM, whoſe graces manifold,
The more they do behold, the more they wou'd behold.

XXV.

Their ſight drinks lovely fires in at their eyes;
They breathe ſweet incenſe, which can never cloy,
That on God's altar ever burning lies;
Their hungry ears feed on the heav'nly voice
Of angels, ſinging forth their untold joys;
Their underſtandings, naked truth; their wills,
The all, and ſelf-ſufficient goodneſs fills;
That nothing here is wanting;—but the *want* of ills.

XXVI.

No[1] ſorrow now hangs clouding on their brow;
No bloodleſs malady empales the face;
No age drops on their hairs his ſilver ſnow;
No nakedneſs their bodies does embaſe;
No poverty themſelves and theirs diſgrace;
No fear of death the joy of life devours;
No unchaſte ſleep their precious time deflow'rs;
No loſs, no grief, no change wait on their winged hours.

XXVII.

But now their naked bodies ſcorn the cold;
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain;
The infant wonders how he came ſo old;
The old man how he came ſo young again;

[1] By the abſence of all evil.

Still

Still reſting, tho' from ſleep they ſtill refrain;
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they ſhow;
And all are kings, and yet no ſubjects know;
All full, and yet no time on food do they beſtow.

XXVIII.

For things that paſs, are paſt; and in this field,
The ſpring indefinite, no winter fears;
The trees together fruit and bloſſoms yield;
Th' unfading lily, leaves of ſilver bears,
The crimſon roſe, a ſcarlet garment wears:
And all of theſe on the ſaint's bodies grow,
Not as they wont, on baſer earth below.
Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

XXIX.

About [k] the holy city rolls a flood [l]
Of molten cryſtal, like a ſea of glaſs;
On which bright ſtream a ſtrong foundation ſtood,
Of living diamonds the building was;
That all things elſe, it wholly did ſurpaſs.
Her ſtreets, the ſtars, inſtead of ſtones did pave,
And little pearls for duſt, it ſeem'd to have,
On which ſoft ſtreaming manna like pure ſnow did wave.

XXX.

In [m] midſt of this city celeſtial,
Where the eternal temple ſhou'd have roſe,
Lighten'd th' idea beatifical [n],
End and beginning of each thing that grows;
Whoſe ſelf no end, nor yet beginning knows;
That hath no eyes to ſee, nor ears to hear,
Yet ſees, and hears, and is all eye, all ear,
That no where is contain'd, and yet is ev'ry where.

[k] By the poſſeſſion of all good in the glory of the holy city.
[l] Rev. xxii. 1. [m] In the beatifical viſion of God. [n] Rev, xxi. 22, 23.

XXXI.

Changer of all things, yet immutable;
Before, and after all, the first and last;
Who, moving all, is yet immovable;
Great, without quantity; in whose forecast,
Things past are present, things to come, are past;
Swift without motion; unto whose broad eye
The hearts of wicked men all open lie,
At once, absent and present to them, far and nigh.

XXXII.

It is no flaming lustre, made of light;
No sweet content; or well-tim'd harmony;
Ambrosia, for to feast the appetite;
Or flow'ry odour, mixt with spicery;
No soft embrace, or pleasure bodily:
And yet it is a kind of inward feast;
A harmony, that sounds within the breast;
An odour, light, embrace, in which the soul doth rest.

XXXIII.

A heav'nly feast no hunger can consume;
A light unseen, yet shines in ev'ry place;
A sound no time can steal; a sweet perfume
No winds can scatter; an entire embrace,
That no satiety can e'er debase;
Receiv'd into so high a favour, there
The saints, with their compeers, whole worlds outwear;
And things unseen do see, and things unheard do hear.

XXXIV.

Ye blessed souls, grown richer by your spoil,
Whose loss, tho' great, is cause of greater gains;
Here may your weary spirits rest from toil,
Spending your endless evening that remains,

Amongst

Amongſt thoſe white *Flocks*, and celeſtial *Trains*,
That feed upon their SHEPHERD's eyes; and frame
That heav'nly muſic of ſo wondrous fame,
Pſalming aloud the holy honours of his NAME!

XXXV.

Had I a voice of ſteel to tune my ſong;
Were every verſe as ſmooth as ſmootheſt glaſs;
And every member turned to a tongue;
And every tongue were made of founding braſs;
Yet all that ſkill, and all this ſtrength, alas!
Shou'd it preſume t'adorn (were miſadvis'd)
The place, where *David* hath new ſongs devis'd,
As on his ſhining throne he ſits emparadis'd.

XXXVI.

Moſt happy prince, whoſe eyes thoſe ſtars behold,
Treading ours under feet, now mayſt thou pour
That overflowing ſkill, wherewith of old
Thou wont'ſt to ſmooth rough ſpeech; now mayſt thou ſhow'r
Freſh ſtreams of praiſe upon that holy bow'r,
Which well we heav'n call, not that it rolls,
But that it is the heaven of our ſouls:
Moſt happy prince, whoſe ſight ſo heav'nly ſight beholds!

XXXVII.

Ah, fooliſh *Shepherds!* who were wont t'eſteem,
Your God all rough, and ſhaggy-hair'd to be;
And yet far wiſer *Shepherds* than ye deem,
For who ſo poor (tho' who ſo rich) as HE,
When ſojourning with us in low degree,
He waſh'd his flocks in *Jordan*'s ſpotleſs tide;
And that HIS dear remembrance might abide,
Did to us come, and with us liv'd, and for us died.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

But now ſuch lively colours did embeam
His ſparkling forehead; and ſuch ſhining rays
Kindled his flaming locks, that down did ſtream
In curls along his neck, where ſweetly plays
(Singing his wounds of LOVE in ſacred lays)
His deareſt SPOUSE, SPOUSE of the deareſt LOVER,
Knitting a thouſand knots over and over,
And dying ſtill for love, but they her ſtill recover.

XXXIX.

Faireſt of FAIRS, that at HIS eyes doth dreſs
Her glorious face; thoſe eyes, from whence are ſhed
Attractions infinite; where to expreſs
His LOVE, HIGH GOD! all heav'n as captive leads,
And all the banners of his grace diſpreads,
And in thoſe windows doth his arms englaze,
And on thoſe eyes, the angels all do gaze,
And from thoſe eyes, the lights of heav'n obtain their blaze.

XL.

But let the *Kentiſh* lad*, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's ſilver ſound,
Young *Thyrſilis*; and for his muſic brought
The willing ſpheres from heav'n, to lead around
The dancing nymphs and ſwains, that ſung, and crown'd
Eclecta's hymen† with ten thouſand flow'rs
Of choiceſt praiſe; and hung her heav'nly bow'rs
With ſaffron garlands, dreſs'd for nuptial paramours.

XLI.

Let his ſhrill trumpet, with her ſilver blaſt,
Of fair *Eclecta*, and her ſpouſal bed,
Be the ſweet pipe, and ſmooth encomiaſt:
But my green muſe, hiding her younger head,

* The author of the Purple Iſland. † i. e. marriage.

Under

Under old *Camus'* flaggy banks, that ſpread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own watry ſhadows wanton play;
Dares not thoſe high amours, and love-ſick ſongs aſſay.

XLII.

Impotent words, weak lines, that ſtrive in vain;
In vain, alas, to tell ſo heav'nly ſight!
So heav'nly ſight, as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can, that ſeems of greateſt might:
Cou'd any yet compare with INFINITE?
Infinite ſure thoſe joys; my words but light;
LIGHT is the palace where ſhe dwells.—O then, how bright!

F I N I S.

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